Laugh and be Fat:

OR, AN

ANTIDOTE

AGAINST

MELANCHOLY.

CONTAINING

I. Great Variety of Comical Intrigues and Stories, in Town and Country.

II. Poems upon Various Occasions.

III. Witty Epigrams and Whims.

IV. Epitaphs Serious and Comical.

V. Pleasant Songs and Ballads.

Written by the most Ingenious Authors of the Age

The Eleventh Edition.

LONDON.

Printed by *A. W.* for *A. Bettesworth* and *C. Hitch*, at the *Red-Lyon*, in *Pater-Noster Row*. 1733.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

I Think there needs nothing further to recommend the following Collection, than to acquaint the World, that amongſt the entertaining Variety therein contained there are ſeveral excellent Things, reputed to be written by ſome of the moſt Maſterly Pens that the preſent Age hath hitherto been proud of, but whether Printed by Conſent of, or reviſ'd by the Authors, I will not venture to affirm, without better Aſſurance.

The Perſons concern'd in this Publication, hope no Gentleman will be offended at the Liberty they have taken, in rudely Introducing their Papers into ſuch mix'd Company, without Deference to their Merit, or Regard to that Precedency which they ought to, and ſhould, have had, but that the Book was collected by Degrees, and one Sheet wrought off before

another was compleated; I was therefore desir'd by the Bookseller, who was himself the chief Gleaner of the following Miscellany, to write this Preface, *on purpose to beg Pardon of any Gentleman Proprietor, who shall think himself Injur'd in the Use of any of his Writing, without his Leave or Knowledge.*

Having thus far pursu'd the Instructions of the Bookseller, I now think my self oblig'd to say something in relation to my self.

A worthy Gentleman, Author of Mr. T. Brown's *Life, (though how much Justice he has done to the Memory of his Friend, let the World judge) has been pleas'd there to pass an high flying Compliment upon me, that I don't remember I ever deserved at his Hands, and in return to which, though I allow him to be a wonderful discreet Gentleman and a celebrated Bard, yet I would have him think he no more exceeds Doctor* G——h *in Poetry, than the Hooting of an Owl does the Harmony of a Nightingal.* So farewel.

26 FE 62

THE

THE CONTENTS.

Comical Intrigues *and* Stories.

1. THE Parſon and the Fowls: Or, The Maid too Cunning for her Maſter. Page 1
2. The Lady's Complaint againſt the Merchant for running away with the Pump . . 7
3. Thirty Thouſand Pounds bid for a Pair of Band-ſtrings: Or, The two precious Stones preſented to a rich Widow 16
4. The Scolding Wife: Or, The Husband's Comical Revenge. 24
5. The Watch-maker and the Conſtable. 28
6. The Waterman and the drown'd Dog: Or The Gentleman cozen'd of his ſauſages. 29
7. The diſtreſſ'd Seamen: Or, The Boat's-Crew that ſupp'd in the Whale's Belly. 33
8. The Lover's Fortunate Adventure: Or, The young Ones too Cunning for the old One. 38
9. The pleaſing Revenge: Or, The Brewer's Son over-match'd by the Weaver's Daughter. 42
10. The Funeral of the Pig: Or, The Citizen's Son ſucking of the Sow. 46
11. The Thieves too Cunning for the Bailiffs: Or, One Gang of Rogues out-witted by another. 52

12. Intrigue upon Intrigue: Or, the Widow become Mother to her Gallant, and the Younger Brother Father to the Elder. Page 59
13. The Dying Wife's Revenge: Or, The Husband paid in his own Coin. 66
14. The Phyſicians Receipt to Cure a Welchman of a Fever: Or, To kill an Engliſhman with the ſame Medicine. 71
15. The Wilful Drunkard: Or, The Shoe-maker made a Cuckold by the Devil. 76
16. The Comical Exchange: Or, The Fire ſhip inſtead of a Maiden-head. 81
17. The Dead Man's Reſurrection: Or, The Judge buried alive in his own Cellar. 90

POEMS on ſeveral Occaſions.

1. TO the Dutcheſs of B——n, on her remain in the Country this Winter, by Dr. Garth. Page 98
2. To Mr. S——By Mr. P——. ibid.
3. The Engliſh Padlock. By Mr. P——r 100
4. Mr. Thomas Brown's Petition to the Lord's Juſtices, when he was a Priſoner for Writing a Lampoon upon the French King, ſoon after the Peace of Ryſwick. 101
5. The WHIM: Dedicated to the Puppit Kings, that of Madrid, and that of St. Germains. 102
6. A Prologue: Deſign'd for Tamerlane. Written by Dr. G—— 209
7. The Play-Houſe. A Satyr. 106
8. A Prologue: Spoken by Mr. P——n, ſuppos'd to be preſs'd, and haul'd in before the Curtain

Curtain, by a Couple of Preſs-Conſtables. page 108
9. Enjoyment the End of Love. 110
10. The poor Lay-Man's Reſolution in difficult Times. 111
11. On the melting down the Plate: Or, The Silver-Piſs-Pot's Farewel 112
12. The Piſs Pot Coin'd. 113
13. A Satry againſt Brandy. ibid.
14. On a Bowl of Puuch; a Poem by Captain Ratcliff. 115
15. Verſes written by a French Proteſtant upon the Trophies marching through the City. 116
16. Upon a mercenary Lawyer 117

EPIGRAMS *and* WHIMS.

1. A Prophecy, written by a certain Knight, page 120
2. The Anſwer: Suppoſed to be writ by Mr. D —— r. ibid.
3. On Captain P——r's Evidence. 121
4. A Lover to his fat Miſtreſs without Stays. ibid.
5. The Town Lady to her young Admirer. ibid.
6. Againſt Honeſty. By the late R——r. 122
7. The Curſe of a young Lady, compell'd by her Parents to marry an old Man. ibid.
8. Spoke by a Servant-Maid in the Church, doing Pennance for defaming her Miſtreſs. ibid.
9. Villeroy's Miſhap. To the Ladies. ibid.
10. Upon Content. ibid.

11. The Seamen's Love-Letter from Plimouth, to his Miſtreſs in Wapping. page 124
12 A piece of a Country Woman's Poetry, ſpoke Extempore. or her cheapening a Shoulder of Mutton of one Bennet, a Butcher. 125
13 You'll pay for your Peeping. ibid.
14. The Admiration ceas'd, 126
15. To one who deſir'd to borrow a Horſe. ibid.
16 On a Merry Laſs. 127
17. The Kiſſing Lover. ibid.
18. A Curſe upon the Vintners. 128
19. Upon Hog's Puddings. Written by a Jew. ibid.
20. Advice to a Jealous Husband. ibid.
21. The Double Meaning 129
22. Upon Criticks. 130
23. The Spendthrift. ibid.
24. The Sots ibid.
25. The Goſſips. 131
26. From a Captain in the Engliſh Army to a Captain in the Iriſh Army. ibid.
27. The Anſwer. ibid.
28. Upon Marriage 132
29. The various Humours of Mankind. ibid.
30. A Copy of the Aſſociation from Topſham ibid.
31. The Taylor's Receipt to the Mercer. 133
32. The Beginning and End of Love. 134
33. Upon a Scold. ibid.
34. On Poetry. A Satyr. ibid.

Epitaphs *Serious* and *Comical.*

1. ON Queen Mary of Bleſſed Memory. page 136
2. On his Majeſty King William. ibid.

3. A

3. A Character of King William III. Page 137
4. An Epitaph on the Duke of Grafton, who was killed at the taking of Cork in Ireland. Written by a Cabbin-Boy of a Ship. 138
5. On Arch-B——S—— 136
6. On a Knight who was Beheaded in the troublesomes Times. ibid.
7. On the Reverend Mr. Richard Robins. By N. T. ibid.
8. On an old Soldier, who long before he Dy'd loſt both his Legs in the Service of his Country. 140
9. Upon a Dutchman who was a great Lover of Fiſh, and happen'd to choke himſelf with over Eagerneſs at a Fiſh-Dinner. 141
10. Upon a Man that dy'd of the Foul Diſeaſe ibid.
11. On a Wool Comber, who was Hang'd for Sheep-Stealing. ibid.
12. Spoke Extempore by a Seaman, on his Comrade that was ſhot in an Engagement, and flung over-board. ibid.
13. On a Man that choak'd himſelf with a Bit of new Bread. ibid.
14. On an old Woman, occaſion'd by a Sexton filling up her Grave, with a Wooden Leg. 142
15. On a Man who had no Children by his Wife ibid.
16. On John Browne, who kill'd himſelf with eating of Curds. Written by his Wife. ibid.
17. On Chancellor Hide's Son. ibid.
18. On Sir John Calf, who was three Times Lord Mayor of York. 143
19. On Mr. Veal, who dy'd of a Surfeit of Gammon of Bacon. ibid.

20. On

20. On an Iriſhman and his Wife. Page 144
21. On one Mr. Tame's Wife, whoſe Maiden-Name was Wild.
22. On Abraham a Taylor's Wife, who Name was Sarah. ibid.
23. On Thomas Saffin. ibid.
24. On Marſh, an Informer, 145
25. On a good Woman. ibid.
26. On the Lord L——, who expir'd in the Act of Generation. ibid.
27. On a young Lady that Died on her Wedding-Day, before her Bridegroom had Bedded her. 146

SONGS *and* BALLADS.

ON Queen Mary's Death. 147
Sorrow Drown'd in a Glaſs: Or, The Dead Miſtreſs ſoon forgot. 148
3. The Doctor. 149
4. War with the Leviathan: Or, The Royal Fiſhers, by R. S. 151
5. Upon the Alteration of the Coin. 154
6. Againſt Muſick. 155

26 FE 62

Laugh

Laugh and be Fat, &c.

The Parſon and the Fowls: Or, The Maid too cunning for her Maſter.

A Rich old Batchelor, a Clergyman in the Country, having made choice of a pretty young Maid to be his Houſe-keeper, had order'd, upon a certain *Sunday*, a couple of Fowls to be got ready for his Dinner, that after he had given his Congregation a little Chriſtian Conſolation at Church, he might come Home and refreſh his tired Vitals with a dainty Modicum. When the Clark, and his loobily Aſſiſtants, had chim'd all in for about a Quarter of an Hour, away jogg'd the Shepherd to fodder his Sheep, and meaſure his Time by the Hour-Glaſs, leaving his pretty Houſe-keeper to prepare the Cacklers againſt the accuſtomary time of his return.

The diligent Maid, when ſhe thought her Ghoſtly Maſter had been long enough

nough Exalted to Degrees above the Clark, to get about a Quarter of an Hour, on the right Side of his Text, gueſs'd it a very proper Time to lay down the Fowls, which ſhe did accordingly. As the Tit-Bits were running merrily round before a rouſing Fire, who ſhould take the Advantage of the Parſon's Abſence, but his Houſe-keeper's Sweetheart, who, by his pleaſant comical Hoity-Toities, and other winning Accomplishments, had ſo wriggl'd himſelf into her Affections, that he had as much Command of her as her Maſter.

The Maid, having miſtaken the Time of Day, happen'd to be a little too early with her Cookery, ſo that the Fowls were full ready before the Parſon had given his hungry Auditory Leave to return Home to their Puddings and Dumplings. The Sweet-heart, being a Fellow of an incomparable Stomach, thought it great pity good ſuch Victuals ſhould be ſpoil'd for want of eating, and very eagerly ſollicited his loving Jug, to ſpare him one of the Fowls to ſtop a little Hole he had in his Appetite, telling her, One would be ſufficient for her Maſter, and that ſhe had

had Wit enough to contrive ſome Story or other, handſomely to excuſe the Matter.

The Maid, being willing to oblige her Lover, who ſhe found was ſo deſirous to oblige her upon all Occaſions, ventur'd to take up one to ſave the Longing of her Sweet-heart, who, being very well prepar'd for ſuch a nice Entertainment, gobbl'd it up with ſuch Expedition, that before his Benefact'reſs had wound up the Jack, he had not ſo much as left the Claws, which the poor Cockril us'd to ſcratch the Dunghil withal.

He had no ſooner thus diſpatch'd his Sweet-heart's firſt Courteſie, but he began to be very importunate with her for the ſecond, telling her, an Excuſe was as eaſily made for both, as for one; and that ſhe had as good be hang'd for a Sheep as a Lamb; till at laſt, by adding a few melting Kiſſes to his ravenous Sollicitations, he prevail'd upon her to draw the other off the Spit, that he might finiſh his Meal, by robbing the Parſon of his *Sunday's* Dinner. The ſecond Bird being brought before him, he loſt no Time, but drove down the former

former with the latter, without any visible Abatement of either his Speed or his Appetite. When he had cleared the Dish, and wash'd all down with a Cup of the Parson's best Beer, he took a thankful Leave of his Mistress, who now began to be at her Wits End, how to excuse her Foolishness.

As she was thus pondering with herself, who should step in, but the Parson and a Stranger with him, who coming from another Town to hear him Preach, the Parson thought himself oblig'd to invite him to Dinner with him.

No sooner had the Levite conducted his Guest into the Parlour, but he beg'd his Pardon a Minute, and retir'd into another Room to whet his Knife upon the Frame of an old Table, which was always his Custom before Dinner; the Maid, in a Peck of Fears and Troubles, took the Advantage of this Interim, and stepping into the Parlour in a strange seeming sort of Disorder, frightens away her Master's Guest, with a surprizing Story as follows, *viz* 'Lord, Sir, how 'came you to venture your self home with 'my Master at this time of Day; When if 'you had known, you might have easily 'discover'd

‘ discover'd by his Countenance, he is in
‘ one of his old Freaks. Why, what's the
‘ matter with him? *says the Country Farmer*,
‘ he was very civil to me in the Church-
‘ Yard, and by all means would bring me
‘ Home to Dine with him. Alas! good Sir
‘ *reply'd this Maid*, What ever you do, let
‘ me advise you to make the best of your
‘ Way out of the House, for if you stay,
‘ now he is in one of his Frenzical Hu-
‘ mours, he will certainly Geld you;
‘ and I dare say he is wetting his Knife
‘ for the same Purpose: He has lately
‘ serv'd two or three so already, tho' they
‘ have had the Discretion to keep it silent
‘ because they would not be laugh'd at. I
‘ thank thee kindly, Sweet-heart, *cry'd*
‘ *the Country-man*, are these his Tricks,
‘ with a Pox to him? Wounds! shew me
‘ the next Way out, for I would not lose
‘ my Tarriwags for the best Dinner in
‘ *Christendom*: Upon which she shew'd
‘ him a Back-Door, and away ran my Gaf-
‘ fer as if the Devil was at his Heels.

He had not been gone a Minute, but in comes the Parson with his Knife in his Hand, and finds his Maid stamping and storming, as if she was raving Mad, in the Parlour, with an empty,

smear'd

ſmear'd Diſh upon the Table, and his Gueſt gone: 'What's the matter now, *ſays* 'the *Parſon*: Where's the Man gone that I 'brought home with me? Lord, Sir, *replies* 'the *Maid*, I never ſaw ſuch an unmannerly 'Hound ſince my Eyes were open, I no 'ſooner brought the Fowls to the Table, 'but he ſnatch'd them both out of the Diſh 'and cramm'd 'em into his *Codpiece*, and 'away he ſcowr'd out of the Back-Door, 'as if the Devil were in him. No nus, *ſays* 'the *Prieſt*, I am reſolv'd the Impudent 'Rogue ſhall not Cozen me of my Dinner 'ſo: And away runs the Parſon after the Countryman, who, by this Time had gotten near a Field's Length off him; but however, having Preach'd himſelf very Hungry, he trotted away after him with his naked Knife in his Hand, crying out, 'Give me, you brazen Rogue, what you 'have run away with in your Breeches, 'the *Fellow anſwering as he ran*, Efaith 'Doctor, not I, I would rather ſee you 'hang'd firſt. The Parſon finding the Fellow too nimble for him, was very willing to compound, and cry out in milder Terms, Prithee, Friend, 'don't run away 'with 'em but be ſo kind as to let me have 'one of them. Not I, by the Maſs, *replies*

'the

the Fellow, I had rather ſee you at the Devil, than part with either of 'em.' The Farmer being Young and Luſty, ſoon got Ground of the Parſon, ſo that he was forc'd to give over his Chaſe, and return home Puffing and Blowing, having nothing left but Batchelor's Fare, *viz.* Bread and Cheeſe, and Kiſſes for his *Sunday*'s Dinner.

The Lady's Complaint againſt the Merchant, for running away with the Pump.

A *Turkey* Merchant travelling on the Road, about 20 Miles from *London*, happen'd to be overtaken by very bad Weather a little before Night, and having no Proſpect of a Publick Houſe to have Recourſe to for Shelter, being a Man of Figure, he reſolv'd to beg Admittance at the firſt Houſe he came to, to avoid the Severity of the encreaſing Storm; he had not Gallopped on a Furlong further, but he came to a pretty neat Box which ſtood by the Highway-Side, where he beheld a very beautiful Lady looking out of a Window, upon which he rid up to the Door, and applying himſelf to the Lady at the Caſement, humbly begged her to take Pity upon a diſtreſſed Traveller, and

that

that ſhe would be ſo kind as to give him a Reception till the Violence of the Storm was blown over or abated: The compaſſionate Lady diſcerning him to be a Gentleman, ſoon granted his Requeſt, and order'd her Servant to admit her Weather-beaten Supplicant, and to take care of his Horſe: He had no ſooner taken Sanctuary in his little Paradice, as he thought it, but a rouſing Fire was kindled in the Parlour, and a Cap, Night-Gown, Shirt, Slippers, and all Conveniencies were brought him to refreſh him.

When he had thus refreſhed his Body with a good Fire and a dry Garment, he preſented his Service to the Lady by her Waiting-Maid, and humbly craved Leave to pay his Reſpects to the Lady, and that ſhe would honour him with an Opportunity of returning her Thanks for the great and charitable Obligation ſhe had conferred upon him. No ſooner was the Meſſage delivered, but the generous Lady very readily bleſſed him with her Company: After he had attacked her Ears with a whole Volley of Complements, and diſchar'd himſelf at her Entrance very much like a Gentleman,

Gentleman, ſhe call'd for a Bottle of Canary, and order'd a very ageeeable cold Entertainment to be brought in, for the Preſent.

By this time, the Gentleman preſum'd ſo far, as to ask the Lady if ſhe was marry'd who anſwer'd in the Negative; further telling him. 'That ſhe was oblig'd to a Gen-'tleman who was her peculiar Friend, for 'her Reſidence in that Houſe, who was 'gone a long Journey into *Scotland*, and 'that ſhe did not expect him back this ſix 'Weeks; and withal, aſſur'd him, ſince the 'Weather prov'd ſo bad, he ſhould be ve-'ry welcome to ſtay all Night, if it ſuit-'ed with his Conveniency. The Gentleman being a jolly, juvenile Spark, and very amorouſly inclin'd, had no Power to refuſe ſo kind an Invitation from ſo fair a Lady, but made a facetious Acknowledgment of her Favour, and thankfully accepted of her obliging Proffer; and to prevent any Miſtruſt, that upon more mature Deliberation, ſhe might have of his being ſome deſigning Perſon, he plucks a Letter out of his Pocket, directed to him at his Houſe in *London*, For Sir *Robert* *F*——, a Juſtice of the Peace in the City, which had been ſent him about three

three Days before by the Penny-Poſt, the Lady read it over with abundance of Attention making him a Compliment when ſhe had done, *viz.* 'That there needed 'nothing further than his Appearance to 'prove him a Gentleman.

The Merchant, as he had good Reaſon, believing her to be a Lady in Keeping, began to take Heart of Grace, and to treat her after ſuch an amorous Manner, that was ſufficient to let her underſtand he expected, as certainly as he lay there that Night, that ſhe ſhould be his Bedfellow; ſo that when Supper was over, having prepar'd her with a few melting Kiſſes, and other ſoftening Preliminaries, he took the Freedom to make her ſenſible of the unexpreſſible Happineſs he had the Hopes of enjoying; to which ſhe ſeemed neither very averſe, nor yet over-forward, but cunningly ſignify'd, ſhe wanted ſome further Inducement, than barely Love and Importunity, to bring her to a Compliance; upon which, the Merchant being an Intelligible Man, ſoon diſcover'd her Meaning, and being elevated by her Charms and Dalliances, to the higheſt Pitch of Deſire, told

told her, 'That he had no Preſent about 'him worthy of her Acceptance; but if, 'at any Time, when ſhe came to *London*, 'ſhe would give herſelf the Trouble to 'ſend for him to any Tavern, he would 'be extreamly glad to wait on her, and 'that he would preſent her with Fifty 'Guineas, to buy her a Diamond Ring, if 'ſhe would do him the Honour to wear 'it for his Sake. She ſeemingly took but ſlight Notice of his generous Offer; but however began to ſhift off her former Coyneſs, and Lip-led him into a pretty good Aſſurance, that he had gain'd the Point, and at laſt condeſcended ſo far, as to promiſe him her Favours, which was no ſooner done, but a convenient Bed of Reſignation was order'd to be ſheeted next to her own Chamber, whither ſhe could have an eaſy Recourſe at Midnight, without Diſcovery.

When all things were in Readineſs, the Merchant haſted to his Pillow, thinking every Minute an Age till the Buſineſs was conſummated: When all Things were huſh, the Servants gone to Bed, and the Opportunity proved ſeaſonable, the Lady was as good as her Word, and nothing but *Sallenger's Round*

was

was reciprocally danc'd, till both Parties were rather tir'd than ſatisfy'd. About Day-break, the Lady bid him Good-morrow, and returned to her own Bed, leaving her weary'd Lover to refreſh himſelf with a little Sleep after his hard Night's Journey. When three or four Hour's Repoſe had enabled him to riſe, up he got, and recovering his Loſs of Spirits with a plentiful Cup of mulled Canary, he returned the Lady Abundance of Thanks for her compaſſionate Favours, diſcharg'd himſelf handſomely of the Servants, and ſo proceeded on his Journey.

About a Month after, the Lady came to Town, and according to her Lover's Directions, made bold to ſend for him from his own Houſe; but the Gentleman recollecting what an extravagant Promiſe he had made the Lady, in Requital of her Favours, thought it the wiſeſt way to neglect going; accordingly ſent back Word, 'That he was very buſy and 'could not poſſibly wait on her; which provoking Slight, after the Pretence of ſo much Kindneſs, juſtly kindled in the Lady ſuch a revengeful Indignation, that her nimble Wits had ſoon formed a

Project

Project how ſhe ſhould be even with him reſolving to put her Deſign in Practice with all Expedition.

Accordingly he takes Coach, and orders the Coachman to drive her to Sir *Robert J*——, a known Juſtice of the Peace, and the very Gentleman who ſent the Letter to the Merchant which he had ſhewn to the Lady: Sir *Robert* being at Home and at Leiſure, ſhe was ſoon admitted to acquaint the Juſtice with her Buſineſs, who told him, that ſhe had a great Complaint againſt his Friend Mr. *Hazard*. The Juſtice ſeem'd much ſurpriz'd, that ſo pretty a Lady ſhould appear as an Enemy againſt his Friend, whom he always thought to be a Man of unſpotted Reputation, and deſir'd to know what ſhe had to charge him with: Upon with the injur'd Lady thus laid open the Grievances, *viz.* 'your Friend Mr. *Hazard*, the Merchant, not long ſince took 'of me a very pleaſant little Tenement, 'which he was to occupy without any 'Let, Hindrance, or Moleſtation, for a 'certain Term agreed on between both 'Parties, in conſideration of the Sum of 'fifty Guineas, which he was to pay me 'on demand, and after he had enjoy'd

'the Premiſes, with all its Appurtenan-
'ces, the full time of the Agreement he
'quitted the Poſſeſſion very Diſhonoura-
'bly, and now hides himſelf from me, be-
'cauſe he would not pay me the Money.
'Madam, *reply'd the Juſtice*, I am very ſor-
'ry to hear theſe things of a Gentleman
'who is my Friend, and a Perſon that has
'always enjoy'd ſo fair a Character; but
'however, Madam, theſe are Matters that
'come within the Cognizance of the Com-
'mon-Law, ſo that they are not properly
'within my Sphere to meddle with, but
'this Service I can do you; if you pleaſe,
'Madam, I will ſend for him, and if, up-
'on hearing both ſides, I find he has done
'you wrong I will perſuade him all that
'I can to do you Juſtice.

The Lady approv'd very well of the Propoſal, and thank'd his Worſhip for his Civility; accordingly Sir *Robert* diſpatch'd his Footman with a Meſſage to Mr. *Hazard*, which brought him preſently before his fair Accuſer, who repeated over her former Complaint before the Face of the Offender: The Merchant at firſt was very much ſurpriz'd to find himſelf ſent for upon this Occaſion; till perceiving the Lady had ſo wittily couch'd her

her Accuſation under ſuch a modeſt Allegory, and then he thought it beſt to acknowledge the Charge, leſt, by denying it, he ſhould provoke the Lady to give the Juſtice a full Explanation, of her Meaning, to his open ſhame and diſhonour, ſo that he confeſs'd he had taken a Tenement of her upon ſuch a Conſideration as was alledg'd. *But, Madam,* ſays he, *you know there was a deep Well belonging to this Tenement, which wanted a ſubſtantial Pump, without which you are ſenſible the Tenement would have been of no uſe to me; therefore, ſince I was at the Expence of putting up ſuch a Conveniency, I think it is but Juſtice that you ſhould make a reaſonable Abatement.* But, *Sir,* reply'd the Lady, *you muſt conſider, when you quitted the Poſſeſſion, that you took the Pump along with you; had you left the Pump ſtanding, that I could have had the uſe of it when I had ſeen Occaſion, I ſhould now be very willing to allow any Deduction; but ſince that you put up the Pump for your own Pleaſure, and carry'd it away with you when you left the Tenement, I think it but reaſon I ſhould have my full Money. Well, Madam,* replies the Gentleman, *becauſe you ſhall have no juſt reaſon to ſay, I have dealt hardly by a fair Lady, I promiſe you, before I part with*

you, to give you your full Money, and to lend you the Pump into the Bargain, provided you will take care never to abuſe it: The Lady punctually promis'd it ſhould never be the worſe for her wearing. So taking leave of Sir *Robert*, he waited upon the Lady to the next Tavern, in order to lend her the Pump, and pay her the Money.

Thirty Thouſand Pounds bid for a pair of Bandſtrings; or the two prècious Stones preſented to a rich Widow.

A Rich old Alderman of the City of *London*, that dealt much in the Interloping Trade to the *Eaſt-Indies*, having a pretty young Gentlemrn to his Nephew, who had been bred under him; and being willing to give him Opportunity of raiſing his Fortune, ſent him Abroad in the Poſt of a Super-Cargo, and withal gave him a Thouſand Pounds to improve himſelf, with the beſt Directions he could, how to manage it to Advantage: But the young Gentleman, it being his firſt Voyage, met with ſuch unexpected Loſſes and Croſſes Abroad, that he at laſt was forc'd to return home very Unfortunate, and was ſo far from having added to his Uncle's Benevolence, that he had quite embezzel'd, not only his own Stock, but his Uncle's Cargo

Cargo; however, making it appear to the old Gentleman, it was more owing to Misfortune than Extravagance, he was so very kind and fatherly to his Kinsman, notwithstanding his Disappointment; and having a young, brisk widow Lady, to whom he was a Cashier, and for whom he sometimes Traded, that us'd often to Dine with him, he resolv'd by a Stratagem, to try if he could not recommend his Nephew as a Person worthy of her Affections, and as a Gentleman proper to become her Husband.

Accordingly, to put his Project in practice, he provided himself with a stout Horse-whip, which he convey'd privately under his Cloak; and when thus arm'd for his Design, he desir'd his Nephew's Company to the Tavern, in order to take part of a small Collation. The young Gentleman, who was always ready forward to obey his Uncle, shew'd himself ready in an Instant to answer his Request, And away troop'd the old *Fox*, to the next Tavern, with the unfortunate *Cub* after him.

They were no sooner enter'd, but the Uncle desir'd a private Room above Stairs, a Quart of Claret and Tobacco, ordering

the Drawer not to ſuffer any Body to diſturb them in half an Hour, for that they had ſome particular Buſineſs together, that would at leaſt, require that Time to be diſpatch'd in.

When all things were perform'd according to Order, and the Door ſhut, the old Gentleman commanded his Nephew to ſtrip to his Shirt, that he might ſee what Linnen he wore, for he had been informed he was grown ſuch a naſty, louſy Sloven, that no Body would venture to lie with him. The young Gentleman, mightily ſurpriz'd at his Uncle's Requeſt, could not imagine what to think of it; at laſt, conſidering ſome Body or other, thro' Prejudice, might report ſuch a malicious Story, he reſolv'd to give his Uncle the Satisfaction he reqnir'd, and accordingly pluck'd off his Coat and Waiſtcoat, aſſuring him it could be nothing but the ſpiteful Suggeſtion of ſome envious Perſon, who was his Enemy, and that in every Particular the Report was ſcandalouſly falſe

When he was thus ſtrip'd to his Shirt, the cunning old *Sly-Boots*, the better to effect his Ends, puts on his Spectacles, and fell to peeping about his Wriſt-bands and his Collar

Collar, as if, in good earneſt, he had been looking for Vermine. *Come, Sirrah,* ſays he, *now down with your Breeches let me look the Waſtband, for that's the moſt likely Harbour to find ſuch Cattle in. Lord, Sir,* ſays the young Gentleman, *you command me now beyond Modeſty. I tell you, Sirrah,* replies the Uncle, *I will ſee what Condition you are in, and therefore do as I bid you, or it ſhall be more out of your way than your Head is worth.* The Nephew knowing his Uncle to be a Man of better Morrals than to have any brutiſh Deſign upon him, for fear of diſobliging him, condeſcended to his further Requeſt, which he had no ſooner done, but the old Cuff fell to peeping in the Seams and Gathers, as earneſtly as if he had no other driſt, than to ſee if he had been Louſie; but of a ſudden, as he was thus ſearching, pretendly for the Creepers, up he ſtarts, and before the other could pluck up his Breeches, he lugs out his Horſe-whip, ſeemingly in a mighty Paſſion; *Sirrah,* ſays he, *let your Breeches hang. I have heard you Whored away your Money in* Spain *and* Italy, *and that you are returned home with ſuch a damnable Pox. That the Teſtimonies of your Mankood are ſwell'd as big, Sirrah, as a couple of* Norfolk *Dumplins, and*

I am reſolv'd before you ſtir, to know the Truth of the Matter, therefore lug out your Smock-ſmelling Plugtail, that I may ſee your Condition, or I will Jirk your Buttocks with this Inſtrument of Correction, till I make your Teeth chatter in your Codpiece. The young Gentleman believing from his Uncle's Paſſion he had really heard what he told him, between Fear and Anger, gave the old Gentleman the Liberty of beholding the Premiſes, that his own Eyes might bear Witneſs of the Falſehood of theſe baſe Aſperſions.

When the Uncle had beheld all according to his Judgment, in a very ſound Condition. *Now Nephew*, ſays he, *I have a mind to make a Bargain with you what ſhall I give for thoſe Pair of Band-ſtrings that Dame* Nature *has ty'd the bottom of your Belly with. Lord*, ſays the Kinſman, *I would not take Twenty Thouſand Pounds for them, I will give thee*, replies the Uncle, *Twenty Thouſand Pounds for 'em, and that's more than they are worth by abundance of Money. Bleſs me Sir*, replies the Nephew, *I would not part with them for Forty. Thou extravagant Urchin, cries* the old Dad *I will give thee* 20 *Thouſand for them, and if you will not take that you may keep them. In Truth, Sir*, returns

'turns the young one, not I, I would not 'part with one of them for the Univerſe. 'Then thou may'ſt e'en dreſs thy ſelf, *ſays* 'the old *Chap*, and button up your Ware, for 'I ſhall not be your Purchaſer. Pray, Sir, '*ſays the Nephew*, now your Heat's over, 'what is your Meaning? I am perfectly 'amaz'd at the Oddneſs of your Fancy. 'Hold your Tongue, Boy, *cries old Cruſty*, 'and ſit down to thy Bottle and Pipe, when 'than haſt that in thy Bed, that I have in 'my Head, you will rightly underſtand my 'Meaning He then proceeded to ask his Nephew, 'What ready Money he had at 'his Command; who told him, 'About '50 Guineas, and that was all he had in 'the World. That's not ſufficient, *ſays the* 'old *Gentleman*, there a Bank Bill for 200 'Pounds more; beſure you to take care 'get your ſelf in good Equipage and take 'a couple of Blacks from on board, and put 'em in good Liveries and be ready to dine 'with me this Day Se'nnight. Having deliver'd his Inſtructions, they drank their Bottle, and parted till the Time prefix'd.

The old Gentleman had not been return'd Home above half an Hour, but who ſhould ſtep in to Sup with him, but the buxom Widow, who being very Merry

and Jocund at the Table gave the old Alderman a very ſeaſonable Opportunity to put her in mind of *Matrimony*, wondering how ſo pretty a Lady, and ſo good a Fortune, could delight to ſpend ſo much of her Youth and Beauty without the Conſolation of a good Husband, and withal began to ſpeak mightily in the Praiſe of a jolly, handſome, young Nephew of his, who was lately come from the *Eaſt-Indies*, and had made ſo proſperous a Voyage, that amongſt the reſt of his Effects, he had brought over a couple of ſuch precious Stones, that he himſelf, but a few Hours ſince, had bid him thirty thouſand Pounds for, but could not prevail with him to part with them, becauſe he had ſome Thoughts of Marrying, could he meet with a Lady to his Mind, and that he was reſolv'd to keep them for a Preſent to his Bride. This prevailing Story took the liſt'ning Widow preſently by the Ears, who very frankly expreſs'd herſelf, 'That as the Gentleman 'was his Nephew, and one that ſhe had ſo 'fair a Character of from ſo worthy a 'Perſon as himſelf, ſhe ſhould be very 'glad to ſee him, if it were for no other 'Reaſon, than that he was his Rela-'tion.

Upon

Upon this Encouragement, the old Gentleman told her, 'He had engag'd his Nephew to dine with him upon that Day Se'nnight, and if she would be pleas'd to honour them with her good Company, he should think himself greatly oblig'd to her.' The Lady, upon the Alderman's Requeſt, anſwer'd, 'She would accept of his Invitation.' And after ſhe had exercis'd her Tongue with a little Female *Tittle-Tattle*, ſhe took her leave, reſigning the old Alderman to his Ptiſicky Cough, and Flannel Night-Cap.

When the Day appointed came, all Perſons met according to Agreement, and the young Spark had ſo improv'd his Appearance, by his Garb and Attendants, that he look'd as great as a *Scotch* Laird with a couple of his *Clans*, or *Vaſſals* at his Elbow. The Lady, by that time Dinner was over, could not forbear ſignifying, by her Eyes, her Approbation of his Perſon, ſo that by the old Gentleman's Management, and his Inſtructions to his Nephew, the Matter was thoroughly effected in leſs than a Fortnight, and the Wedding kept, tho' with ſome Privacy, at the Alderman's own Houſe, where they had not Bedded above two or three Nights, but the

the Bride expecting the coſtly Preſent of thoſe precious Stones the Alderman had told her of, took an Opportunity one Night, when ſhe was faſt locked in the Embraces of her new Bedfellow, to ask him what was become of thoſe delicate rich Stones he had brought over with him from beyond Sea. 'My Dear, *replied the* 'Bridegroom, here they are at your Service, 'upon my Word they are the individual 'Jewels my Uncle bid me thirty thouſand 'Pounds for, but I would not part with 'them; and upon my Word they ſhall 'not be ſet to any Body's Ring, but thy 'own. Well, my Dear, *ſays ſhe*, ſince it is 'as it is, I am ſo far from repenting my 'Bargain, that now you have preſented 'them to me, I aſſure you I accept them 'ſo kindly, and like them ſo well, that all 'the Money in the Univerſe ſhould not 'purchaſe them. So both Parties being well pleas'd, they lived very comfortably together.

The Scolding Wife: Or, The Husband's Comical Revenge.

A Jolly *Suck-Bottle*, who was unhappily decoyed into the wrangling State of *Matrimony* happen'd to be bleſs'd over the Left Shoulder, with the Devil of

a

a Termagent, ſo that if he was not ready to ſtep into his *Marriage-Bed*, by that time *Bow*-Bell had proclaimed the Ninth Hour, he was ſure to have his Ears tringed with ſuch a Peal of *Tongue-Thunder*, more terrible to his *Lungs* than the *Crowing* of a *Cock* to the trembling *Lyon*: So that having ſtaid one Night with ſome of his merry Companions beyond the Patience of his Bed-fellow, well knowing that his Bundle of *Rue* would be highly provoked at his Tranſgreſſion, he bethought himſelf of a Project that might ceaſe her Clamours, and change the furious Scene into a pleaſant Comedy.

Accordingly, he provided himſelf with a Pound of *Sauſages* which he buttoned into his *Codpiece*, and then ſtaggered Home to his Tormentor, in order to put his merry Conceit in Practice. No ſooner was he admitted into his noiſy Habitation, but he found his *Teaſer* to full charged with ill Language, that ſhe let fly a Vally of *Rogues* and *Raſcal* at him, wounding his *Reputation* beyond all Patience, taxing him with the Neglect of *Family Duty*, crying, 'She was ſure nothing but the 'Company of lewd Women could occa-'ſion him to keep ſuch unreaſonable

Hours

'Hours. Upon which Words he ſnatches up a Knife in one Hand, and clapping the other into his Breeches cuts off one of the Sauſages, and dabs it into the Fire, crying, 'He hoped now he ſhould 'put an end to her Jealouſy.' The frighted Wife took it to be the Teſtimony of his Manhood, and running to the Door, made a lamentable Out-cry among the Neighbourhood, *That her Husband had murder'd himſelf by cutting off his* Doolittle, *and flinging it into the Fire. Begging them to riſe, for the Lord's Sake, and to come to her Aſſiſtance.*

The good Women, much alarm'd at ſuch a frightful Story, whip'd on their Under-Petticoats, and Slip-Shoes, and came running with more ſpeed than if it had been to a Labour, that in a Minute, the Houſe was as full of *Tittle-Tattles* of all Ages, as if the God *Priapus* had erected his Standard, and beat up for Female Voluntiers to fight under his Banner; all ſhaking their Heads, and beholding with ſorrowful Eyes, the little Spectacle in the Fire, hiſſing, ſputtering, and broiling, as if it had really been poor *Pego* ſpitting its laſt Venome at that provoking Sex, which had often been the occaſion of his

Down-

Downfall. The good Man ſitting all the while Grunting and Groaning in his Chair, as if he was juſt Expiring. A cunning old Matron, in the Front of the Female Aſſembly, miſtruſting there might be ſome Cheat in the matter, expreſs'd herſelf to the reſt of the Siſter-Goſſips after the following manner, *viz.* 'Come, come, 'Neighbours, I think it highly neceſſary 'we ſhould enquire into the Truth of 'this unhappy Buſineſs. And having ſpoke theſe Words, ſhe pop'd her Hand into his *Codpiece*, where ſhe felt the reſt of the Sauſages upon which ſhe ſhook her Head, and fetching a deep Sigh, cry'd out, 'I vow to God, Neighbours, he has 'certainly unman'd himſelf, and has cut 'ſo great a Gaſh in the bottom of his Belly, that his Guts are tumbled into his 'Breches, which occaſion'd the good Man to burſt into an open Laughing, at laſt to diſcover the whole Secret, that the talkative Congregation might be undeceiv'd, and return home to their warm Beds, and there with their Husbands, fall to the old Trade of Basket-making, which they accordingly did, leaving the pre-ſuppos'd *Golding* to convince his *Whither do go*, that he had more Wit in his Anger, than to revenge

revenge himſelf of an ill Tongue, by burning his Peace-maker.

The Watch-maker, and the Conſtable

A *Watch-maker*, who was much given to wind up the Strings of Life above the common Pitch, with a chearful Bottle, happen'd one Night to tarry ſo long over his *Tipple*, that the Midnight Monarch at *Ludgate* had got the ſtart of him, and had reſumed his *Elbow-Throne* before the other had quitted his Tavern-Chair; ſo that having a little over loaden himſelf with Liquor, as he was ſtaggering through the Gate, he had a Verbal Summons from the *Watch*, to reel before the *Conſtable*, who made the accuſtomary Enquiry, 'What occaſion he could have 'to drink ſo much, and to ſtay out ſo 'late? The *Watch-maker* hickuped out an Anſwer as well as he could, telling the *Conſtable* flatly, tho' not very plainly, 'That good Wine and good Com-'pany were the chief Motives that in-'duced him into this Error. 'Pray, 'Friend, *further added Mr.* Conniwob-'ble, of what Trade are you? A *Watch-'maker, replied the other.* Adſheart, *ſays*

ſays *his Majeſty's Repreſentative to you Body-Guard*, 'Suppoſe this Man ſhould 'have a Charge of Watches about him 'and ſhould happen to looſe them now he 'is Drunk, who knows but that he may 'lay them to our Charge? Then turning to his drunken Reſpondent, asked him 'If he had ever a Watch about him? Who looking round him replyed, 'Yes 'truly, and a Conſtable too; I would 'the Devil had them all: Well Friend, 'ſays the Conſtable, you may go about 'your Buſineſs, for if you have any Watches about you, I find you have Wit 'enough to ſecure them; and ſo Farewel 'to thee.

The Water Man and the drowned Dog; or, the Gentlemen cozened of his Sauſages.

A Gentleman, who lived in *Greenwich* having Buſineſs in *London*, and being a great Lover of Sauſages, coming by ſome good Houſe-wife's Houſe, who was eminent for making them, he furniſhed himſelf with a couple of Pound in a Sheet of brown Paper, which he deſigned to carry home for his own eating. When he had diſpatched the Affair that called

called him to Town, he return'd to the *Tower Stairs*, in order to take Boat for *Greenwich:* When he came to the Water-ſide, finding he had the Advantage of the Tide, contented himſelf with a Skuller. The Gentleman boarding his *Wherry*, ſat himſelf down, and laid the *Sauſages* by him; but the Paper not being ty'd, began to open a little by degrees, ſo that the Water-man, who was an arch Fellow, by a Glance of his Eye diſcover'd what his Fare had provided to regale himſelf with, but took not the leaſt Notice of 'em, that the Gentleman might not miſtruſt he had any Knowledge of what was contained in his little Bundle. By and by they happen'd to overtake a huge dead Maſtiff, floating upon the Water, with the Skin off, and his Fleſh looked by Putrification, of as many Colour as the Rain-bow. The Waterman looking very earneſtly upon the ſtinking Carrion, ſhook his Head, and ſcratch'd his Ears, and ſhew'd all imaginable Signs of his great Uneaſineſs; which his Fare obſerving, could do no leſs than take Notice of, asking him, 'If that Dog 'had ever been his, that he ſeem'd ſo 'much concerned at the Sight of him.

'The

The Waterman anſwered him, No, but he could heartily wiſh he was his now, and that he would very willingly excuſe him his Fare. If he would be ſo kind to let him go back, and take him up in the Stern of the Boat: *Z — ds, ſays the Gentleman* he will ſtink ſo confounded, 'twill be enough to give me the Plague; beſides, I cannot imagine what the Devil thou canſt propoſe to do with him Ah! Maſter, if I had him but in my Boat, I would deſire no other Fare to Day; if my Wife had him but at home, he would be worth at leaſt half a Piece to us. Prithee, Friend, ſays the Gentleman, be ſo kind as to let me know what Uſe thou wouldeſt put him to; I have a great deſire to be ſatisfied.' The Waterman ſeemed very backward, telling him, 'It was a Secret, and if it ſhould be publickly known, 'it would be the Ruin of his Family. The Gentleman grew ſtill the more importunate to have his Curioſity ſatisfied, giving ſuch Aſſurances of his Secrecy in the Matter, that in ſhort the Waterman told him, 'His Wife made Sauſages, and 'that ſhe had lately found by Experience 'That Dog's Fleſh, which had been

'ſodden

'ſodden about a Month in the River, 'after it was well cleanſed with Salt and 'Water, cut in amongſt her Pork, made 'the tendereſt and beſt Sauſages in the 'World; and that his Wife, ſince her 'Diſcovery of this Secret, had got ſuch 'a Reputation in what ſhe pretended to, 'that ſhe ſerved moſt of the Gentry's 'Houſes about *Greenwich.*

The Naſtineſs of this Story, put the Gentleman into ſuch a haulking and ſpitting Condition, as if he had been in a Salivation; that when he come to his Landing-Place, he very fairly walks out of the Boat, and leaves his Sauſages behind him: The Waterman lets him paſs on a little way, and then taking them up in his Hands, calls after him. 'Sir, Sir, 'you have left your Sauſages behind 'you. Aye, aye, replies the Gentleman, 'I know it well enough, thou may'ſt 'ev'n take them, and a Pox take thee; 'and the Devil take the Dog, for I ſhall 'never eat Sauſages more, for fear they 'ſhould be of your Wife's making. So 'away trudg'd the Gentleman, and left 'his Supper to the Waterman.

The Diſtreſſed Seaman. Or, the Boats-Crew that ſupp'd in the Whale's Belly.

A Jolly Seaman happening into the Company of ſome romancing Travellers, very confidently affirmed this following Story, *viz.* The laſt Voyage, *ſays he*, I took, was in a ſmall Veſſel, called the *Sparrow's-Neſt*, bound directly to *Jamaica*, where we lay in Harbour about ſix Weeks, before we got her freighted. From thence we were conſign'd back to a Merchant in *London*, and the Day before we ſail'd, we took on Board an old Woman, as a Paſſenger, who, for many Years, had kept a Bawdy-Houſe in *Port-Royal*, till ſhe had ſucceſsfully acquir'd, by the Induſtry of the Tail, the Value of 2000 l. which ſhe had changed in Spaniſh Gold, and had brought in on board with her in a ſmall Screwtore, being very deſirous of ſpending her latter Days in *England*, that, when ſhe dyed, ſhe might lay her Bones to reſt in her own Country. We weighed Anchor with the Wind at Weſt and by South, getting clear of the Land, without any Difficulty; and skudded merrily on till we made *Cuba*; the Iſle of *Pines*, then

then Cape *Florida*, and ſo entered the Gulph: But before we got through (as ill Fortune would have it) a Plank happened to ſtart, and we ſprung a Leak ſo faſt, that notwithſtanding our Pumps, we had four foot Water in the Hold, in leſs than an Hour's time; ſo that we had no hopes left of ſaving our ſelves, but by taking our ſelves to our Boat, which accordingly we did, taking in the Compaſs, and ſuch Bisket and freſh Water as we could venture to carry along with us. The old Woman begged hard that we ſhould take in her Box of Money, which, on ſecond Thoughts we yielded to, not knowing how uſeful it might prove to us, if we ſhould chance to be driven on Shore amongſt the *Florida* Indians We were in all but Eight Hands, beſides the old Woman, who was as Penitent for all her paſt Crimes, as an old Thief going to the Gallows. Thus, expoſed to the Rage of the mercileſs Ocean, we depended wholly upon Providence to protect us; rowing by turns, keeping in a right Courſe by the direction of our Compaſs, having nothing but the Dread of Deſtruction before our Eyes,

Eyes, leſt by ſome unexpected Miracle prevented. The Remainder of the Day we ſpent in Labour at our Oars, till at laſt Night drew on, having neither Ship nor Shore in ſight, from whence to expect Safety; but Fortune favouring us with little Wind, and a calm Sea, we thought it neceſſary to refreſh our Bodies with a little Reſt, that we might be the better able to ſtrive againſt the Hardneſs of tempeſtuous Weather, if it ſhould happen. Accordingly we drew Lots who ſhould ſit at the Helm, and look out for a Sail, or awake the reſt, if any Danger ſhould ariſe, and who ſhould the Lot fall upon but my ſelf; agreeably I took my Poſt, whilſt the reſt, who being much tired with the Days Fatigue, fell all to ſnoring in a very little Time; they had not long got the ſtart of me, but I grew ſo very drowſy, that I could not forbear nodding, and at laſt dropped into as ſound a Sleep as any of them; that Death had now an Advantage to have catched us Napping.

How many Hours we continued in this Silence, I cannot tell; at laſt one awakes, and finds it ſo very dark, that he could neither ſee Moon, Star, or Sky,

or

or Boat, nor could he perceive the Boat had any rowling Motion as is uſual; with that he alarms the reſt, who began to rub their Eyes, and endeavoured to look about them, but could not ſo much as ſee their Hands. 'Bleſs me, ſaid I, 'It is a dark long Night. I be-'lieve we ſhall never ſee Day agatn. Another takes his Oar and claps it over-board 'W---ds, ſaid ſhe, we are caſt a ſhore in 'ſome Creek, where the Tide has left us 'for the Devil a Drop of Water is here 'about the Boat.' For God's ſake, ſays the old Woman, ſet me a ſhore, and 'give me my Box, I care not where I am 'if it be but upon dry Land. Prithee ſaid 'I, ſtrike a Light, that we may ſee who 'and who's together. Which was accordingly done upon which we found our ſelves pent up in a little place, but where we could not think nor imagine. The old Woman ſeeing no Water about her was over haſty to get upon dry Land, as ſhe thought and ſcrambled over the Gunnel of the Boat, at which Interim, one of the Sailors being a little more circumſpect than ordinary, happened to eſpy the Entrails of ſome Creature or other hang over his Head, 'Z---ds, ſays he, we are got into a Butcher's

Butcher's Shambles, *I think for here's a delicate Pluck hangs: We have had no freſh Proviſion a good while, by my Lord and my Lady, I'll have a good Slice of the Liver*; draws out his Knife, and cuts off about 2 Pound, upon which we were ſhot out as ſwift as an Arrow from a Bow, thro' a narrow Paſſage, and found our ſelves again upon the Sea and no Land near us, it being of a ſudden broad Day-light, and the Sun almoſt upon the Meridian, as we found after by our Obſervation. We were all ſtrangely ſtartled and ſurpriz'd, wonderfully from whence we came or what Place that could be from whence we were ejected with ſuch a rapid force. At laſt, looking round us, we eſpied a monſtrous Whale, which occaſion'd us to miſtruſt he had gorg'd us in our Sleep, and was provok'd by the Wound in his Liver, to throw us up again. But, as Fortune would have it, we brought the Money along with us, and left the old Bawd behind, for the Whale to ſpew up at another Opportunity.

The Lover's Fortunate Adventure: Or, The young Ones too cunning for the old Ones.

A Young Gentleman of *Hackney*, known by the Name of Squire *Suck-Bottle*, made it his Endeavour to procure a Match with Sir *Thomas Closepurse*'s Daughter; in a little time he made a conſiderable Progreſs in his Deſign, and had gain'd both the Affections and Conſent of the young Lady, before he had propos'd any Treaty with her Father, who hearing of the Intrigue between *Suck-Bottle* and his Daughter, was ſo highly enrag'd at his clandeſtine Proceeding, that he forewarn'd him from his Houſe, and, as a more ſecure Prevention of the Match confin'd his Daughter, cloſe Priſoner in her own Apartment. The young Squire being deeply concerned at the ſevere Uſage of his beloved Miſtreſs, aſſum'd the Courage of a *Roman* Lover, and went at Midnight, when all things were huſh and ſilent to *Closepurse*'s Habitation, where by the Aſſiſtance of a Friend, he rais'd a Ladder, and mounted himſelf upon the Leads of the Houſe, and knowing her Lodgings, dropp'd a Letter down the Chimney, to give

give her Notice he would make her a Viſit the next Night the ſame way himſelf; which Letter in the Morning the Lady found with unexpreſſible Satisfaction.

According to the Time prefix'd, the Squire, with the Aſſiſtance of two truſty Friends, went in order to accompliſh his Intrigue. The Engine he had prepared to ſhoot the Chimney, being a Rope and a Hand-Basket, by which means he was convey'd ſafely through the ſooty Gulph, at the Bottom of which the panting Lady was ready to receive him in her joyful Arms.

The Signal to be given when his Friends ſhould pull him up, was a Jog of the Rope Such Familiarity had already paſt between 'em, that they loſt no Time in Courtſhip, but prepar'd themſelves for thoſe Joys to which they haſted with equal Eagerneſs. They had no ſooner leap'd into their downy Elizium, but the Braces of the Ticking began to celebrate the Pleaſure of the Night with their accuſtomary Muſick, which was unhappily over-heard by her Lady Mother in the next Room, who awaking her Husband, told him, *She was ſure ſome Body was*

Sot to Bed to her Daughter. Upon which Sir *Thomas* leaps up in wonderful haſte, takes the Key of his Daughter's Chamber out of his Pocket, which he would not truſt with any but himſelf, and gropes his Way to the Door. The Lovers having done with their firſt Courſe, and being laid down to take a little Breath, happen'd to hear the old Gentleman fumbling at the Key-hole; upon which the Daughter (thro' a great preſence of Mind) skips nimbly out of Bed, ſets a Chair between the Bed and the Chimney, kneels down, and with abundance of ſeeming fervency fell to Prayers; and juſt as her Father open'd the Door ſoftly, ſhe was in this part of her Devotion; *I beſeech thee make me a Comfort to my Father's Grey Hairs, encreaſe his Riches, advance him to high Honour, and may he live to the Age of* Methuſalem. The old Dad was ſo highly pleaſed with his Daughter's Piety, and kind Supplications for her aged Father, took no Notice, and would by no means diſturb her, but gently ſhut the Door, and return'd to his Bedfellow, giving her a ſharp Reproof for her evil Opinion of their dutiful and godly Child.

Having

Having by this Stratagem, prevented a Diſcovery, the Lovers renew'd their Joys. the old Lady her Jealouſie who aroſe and took the Key, and would go her ſelf to be ſatisfied; who enter'd the Chamber with ſuch Silence, that the buſy Lovers heard her not till ſhe ſtumbled at the Chair, and by lucky Accidence fell into the Basket, which jogg'd the Rope, and gave the Signal. The Anglers above thinking they had caught the right Fiſh, pull'd up, the old Lady roar'd, but ſtill they haul'd, till at laſt finding their miſtake, took her out of the Basket in a Fit, and laid in a ſecond Time, and drew up him they fiſh'd for, making all a clever Eſcape, free from any Detection, leaving the Matron of the Family upon the Leads, who recovering from her Fright, ſhook off her Trance, and making a lamentable Caterwauling, rais'd the Family to her Aſſiſtance, who were wonderfully amaz'd to find their Lady in the Condition of a Chimney-Sweeper; and ſhe being unable to give any Account how ſhe was convey'd thither, it was conjectur'd by her Husband, as a juſt Judgment to puniſh her evil Conception of their innocent and righteous Daughter.

The pleasing Revenge: Or, The Brewer's Son over-match'd by the Weaver's Daughter.

THere was a rich *Weaver* in *Spittle-Fields* (which is News in the first Place, because they are generally very poor) who had but one Child, and that a Daughter. The old Gentleman, being a fat Man, was full of *Dropsy* and ill Humours, and withal very *Lethargick*. His Daughter being a prudent young Woman, behav'd herself with that Duty and Tenderness to her sick Father, that he could not endure to think of her Marrying whilst he liv'd, having bury'd his Wife, and could have no Body, as he thought, that would nurse and attend him with that Diligence as his kind and obedient Daughter: Who, indeed, (tho' a good humour'd Creature) was bleft with but few external Charms to render her Inviting Anarch unlucky Blade who was Son to a neighbouring Brewer, using to take Delight in Jesting with the Female Sex, pretended to Court her, and made her believe he design'd to make her his Wife, carrying on the Matter to so great a height, that the Morning was appointed

pointed on which they were to be Married at St. *Pancras* Church, he promising to meet her at a certain Hour in the Church-Yard, and to bring the Ring and Licenſe along with him; without the Father's Knowledge.

When he had thus carry'd on the Jeſt almoſt to the Period, he tells what he had done to an Acquaintance who was a Man of comely Stature, tho' of mean Fortune; and knowing ſhe was the only Daughter of a rich and infirm Parent, preſently bethought himſelf of a probable Method of converting this Project to his own Intereſt but acquainted the other with nothing of his Deſign for fear of a Diſappointment. His Friends having told him the Morning, and the Hour; and that he intended not ſo much as to meet her, but let her wait in the Fields by herſelf, under the Diſſatisfaction of ſo great a Diſappointment: The other conſidering, That when Thoughts of Wedlock are once rais'd in a Woman, the revengeful Paſſion ſuch baſe Uſage muſt in all probability kindle, would ſo rob her of her Reaſon that ſhe could not weigh Things with ſuch Diſcretion as to withſtand his Im-

portunities, ſo that he ventur'd hap-hazard to take out a Licenſe, and buy a Ring; and walks about half an Hour before the Time to *Pancras*, goes into a Houſe, and takes up a convenient Room, where he might obſerve the Walks and Motions of his propos'd Help-mate.

According to the Time, the Maiden came, fir'd with Thoughts of that happy State into which ſhe was about to enter; but found no Lover, as ſhe expected, to receive her: She waited ſome little Time with Patience, thinking thro' the Error of the Clock, ſhe might be a little before the Hour. But by that Time ſhe had waited about half an Hour, which ſeem'd as tedious as an Age, ſhe began to ſhow in her Face ſome Signs of great Diſorder, when her unknown Lover thought it high Time to give the Courtſhip a Beginning. Accordingly he goes down to her, and courteouſly gives her a Morning Salutation; and tells her, *He came on purpoſe, thro' the Reſpect he had for her, to inform her how Unmanly and Baſe an Affront was put upon her*; which ſo greatly enrag'd her, that her Eyes rain'd Showers on her ſnowy Breaſts: Vexation having turn'd her pleaſing Hopes into Sighs and Sadneſs, he then

began

began to expreſs his own Affection of her, and broach by little and little his Deſign, giving her all the verbal Teſtimonies of his Love imaginable, uſing all neceſſary Proteſtations to aſſure her he would prove one of the beſt of Husbands, and conform to all Things wherein ſhe ſhould place her Eaſe and Satisfaction; 'till, at laſt, the Maid prudently conſidering the Diſgrace of being thus ſerv'd, and what a Blot it would be upon her Reputation, when publiſhed among the Neighbourhood, conſents to his Requeſt, and they were Marry'd; ſhe obliging him to keep ſilent for a Time, 'till ſhe ſhould take a ſeaſonable Opportunity to pacify her Father. Then after a little Time ſpent over a ſmall Repaſt they parted. The firſt News the married Virgin heard, when ſhe came Home, was, That her Uncle was dead in the Country, who had no Children of his own, and had left her 400 l. which the Brewer's Son hearing came within two or three Days to beg her Pardon; and endeavour'd to excuſe the Rudeneſs he had committed; ſhe ſeemingly forgave him, and appointed him a ſecond time to meet her at the ſame Place, which on his Side, was then de-

ſign'd in good Earneſt. But to return his Kindneſs, ſhe hires one of her Father's Journey-men, who was a ſtout Fellow to go and thraſh him round the Church-Yard, as 'tis ſaid the Devil does his Wife in rainy Weather when the Sun ſhines, which the Fellow did accordingly. The Victim came running in a great Paſſion to his Miſtreſs, and demanded the Reaſon why ſhe had ſerv'd him ſo; who told him, *As he went to be Marry'd, ſhe hop'd he had met with his Match*, and ſo diſpatch'd him. The old Man hearing the whole Story, in a little Time after, was ſo pleas'd with the witty Revenge of his Daughter, that he reconcil'd himſelf to her Marriage, and receiv'd her Husband into the Houſe, where they all lived very comfortably together.

The Funeral of a Pig: Or, The Citizen's Son ſucking of the Sow.

A Citizen of *London*, whom Providence had bleſſed with a fair Eſtate, and his teeming Wife with a young Son the Hopes and Heir of the Family, gravely conſidering how far the ſooty Air of the City might Influence the tender Infant with more

more than natural Dulneſs, reſolv'd to diſpoſe to him in the Country, under a more pure and ſerene Heaven. Several Viſits had he made to the neighbouring Villages, and almoſt rid the Compaſs round before he could fix; either the Situation of the Place, or the freckled Complection of the Nurſe, diſpleaſing his Fancy; at laſt, about 10 Miles from our fam'd Metropolis, he arriv'd at a Farmer's Houſe the Place extreamly pleaſed him, nor was the good Women wanting in the leaſt of thoſe excellent Qualifications he had ſo long induſtriouſly ſought after. They preſently agreed upon reaſonable Terms, and the Father, at his return to *London*, upon his Wife's Approbation ſent for the Nurſe to fetch the Child.

It happened one Day the Nurſe going abroad upon ſome more than ordinary Occaſion, left the little One to the Care of a young Apprentice-Girl, who not being much acquainted with the trouble of Children, and having more Mind to go to Play, than tend the peeviſh Brat, which was froward for want of a Teat, ſhe knowing no other ways to quiet it, carry'd it into the Hog's-Stye, and there laid it to Suck of the

the Sow with the Pigs, where ſhe left it, very well pleaſed, and gadded abroad herſelf to find out her Companions In the Interim the Father chanced to come from *London*, to ſee how his little Son throve at Nurſe, and after he had put his Horſe into the Stable, went into the Houſe, which he found empty, and coming back into the Yard, heard the Cry of a Child; for the quarrelſome Pigs, his Foſter Brothers, had got away his Meat; the Father following the Noiſe, which let him to the Hog-ſtye, found his pretty Bantling ſucking of the Sow. Strangely amazed at this Sight, he took up the Child without any Hurt, and wrapping him in his Coat, carried him back to *London*, undiſcover'd by any of the Neighbours. The Wench, thinking her Dame was now upon return, made haſte home, and went directly to the Sow to take up the Child, but to her Surprize, could neither find nor diſcover what was become of him. Not long after, the Nurſe came home, who asking the Girl for the Child, ſhe told her, *When ſhe was gone, it cry'd ſo for the Teat ſhe could not quiet it, 'till ſhe went to*

the

the Stye, and laid it to the Sow, where she left it, and went about other Business of the House, and going for it some time after, she could not find it, nor imagine which way it was gone. The Nurse, in a sad Fright at this odd Account, ran to search the Hog-Stye, but could neither find the Child, nor one Rag of the Cloaths; she looked over all the House and Yard, but all in vain, then she went and slyly enquired of her Neighbours, but to no purpose, after all her Endeavours, she could not receive the least Satisfaction. The poor Woman, half out of her Wits, at this strange Misfortune, concluded the Sow had certainly eat up the Child.

In this great Perplexity and Distress considering what was best to be done, to save her own Reputation, and conceal the unhappy Fate of her Nursery from the Parents Knowledge, she at last resolved to kill one of the Pigs, and dress it up like a dead Child, with Flowers and sweet Herbs, ready for the Grave, and send for 2 or 3 of her old Gossips, and tell them her Nurse Child died suddenly in the Night, and so bury it privately; accordingly she pursued her Project the next Day; and towards the Evening the Pig

was

was decently interr'd without any Suſpicion.

Thus far Nurſe had ſucceeded in her Deſign, but Conſcious of her own Careleſneſs and Neglect, which was the Occaſion of this Misfortune; ſhe was very much troubled how to diſcover it to the Father and Mother, both paſſionately loving the little Infant, and would be very much afflicted with the Death of it. Several Times ſhe had intended to acquaint them with the Loſs of their Child, but ſtill put it off from Day to Day; her own Guilt, and the Indulgence of the Parents, deterring her from it.

About a Fortnight after the Father ſent a Letter to Nurſe to come up to *London*, and bring the little Boy with her; glad ſhe would have been to have excuſed herſelf from this Journey, but ſeeing it impoſſible longer to conceal it, ſhe went accordingly. The Father meeting her at the Door, ſaid, *Nurſe, I am glad to ſee you; but what makes you look ſo Melancholy? Why did not you bring the Boy along with you? I ſend for you on purpoſe to bring him, that I might ſee how the little Rogue did?* Nurſe, with a deep Sigh, and wat'ry Eyes, acquaints him with the ſudden Death of the little

little Infant, dear to her as her own Hearts-Blood, the Father ſeemed above meaſure concerned at this doleful News; then inviting her into the Houſe, ſhe gave a ſecond Relation of this tragical Story to the Mother, who counterfeited a Paſſion ſuitable to the Occaſion.

When they all had acted over their ſorrowful Parts, under different Diſguiſes, the Father called for *Suſan* to come down and fetch a Tankard of Ale for Nurſe; and in ſhe came with a young Child in her Arms, which Nurſe carefully obſerving, knew to be the ſame ſhe had but now reported to be Dead and Buried. The preſent Shame ſhe was under for ſo notorious a Lye, with the Tranſports of a ſudden Joy to ſee the Child, ſafe and well, wholly confounded her; nor had ſhe one Thought left her to faſhion the leaſt Excuſe. But after ſhe had a little recover'd herſelf, ſhe freely confeſs'd, *That imagining the Child really eaten up by the Sow, ſhe had kill'd and bury'd one of the Pigs in the Room of it, well knowing that ſo unhappy a Circumſtance would for ever have blaſted her own Credit, and doubled the Sorrow and Affliction of the diſconſolate Parents.* But that which was moſt remarkable

markable was, it was obſerved of the Boy when grown up he would never eat of Gammon of Bacon, nor any Hog's Fleſh; which the Naturaliſts gave this Reaſon for; *That the Sow's Milk had Curdled upon his Stomach, which occaſion'd his Antipathy,* tho' he ever retain'd a Smack of his Nurſe and Pig's-Stye Relations, in the Booriſh Manners and Converſation

The Thieves too cunning for the Bailiffs: Or, One Gang of Rogues out-witted by another.

AN unhappy Gentleman, who by the thoughtleſs *Management*, and dilatory *Execution* of his own Affairs, having reduced a plentiful Eſtate to a ſlender Subſiſtance, and being highly in Danger of a Judgment, grip'd into the Talons of an unmerciful Miſer thought the ſafeſt Meaſures he could take, in ſecuring himſelf from the ravenous *Catch Pol's*, (thoſe *Blood-Hounds*, or *Jack-Calls*, who hunt down the Prey for that tyrannick Beaſt, a *Uſurer*) was to quit the Town, and make a general Trial of his Relations in the Country, hoping their flowing Generoſity might a little repel the Current of his ebbing Fortune, which muſt of Neceſſity, prove,

prove other wiſe impetuous. His Wife and a Servant he leaves in Town behind him in a Houſe of his own very well furniſhed, being the only Remains of a conſiderable Patrimony. He had not abſented himſelf from Home above two or three Days, but *Thirty in the Hundred*, by ſome buſy Neighbour, was informed of it, who went and enter'd upon his Judgment, takes out Execution and diſpatches his Emiſſaries to the ſpeedy Deſtruction of his *Debtor*: About this Time, ſome Thieves having Knowledge of the Gentleman's Abſence were contriving which way to rob the Houſe; to accompliſh which looking about one Evening to make their Entrance, and the careleſs Maid leaving open the Back-Door, whilſt he ſtep'd to the *Bake-Houſe*, one of the Rogues ſlip'd in having agreed with his Confederates to conceal himſelf in the Houſe till Midnight, and then to let them in. The Cunningeſt of the Thievies having proceeded ſo far as to get ſafe Footing within Doors, ſtepp'd up Stairs undiſcover'd, and hides himſelf in an old Cheſt which ſtood by the Bed-ſide in a well furniſhed Chamber, which no Body lay in: By this Time the other R——s, the Bailiffs I mean, were got to the

the Fore-Door, conſulting by what means they ſhould procure Admittance to ſerve their *Execution* (whilſt the poor Gentlewoman and her Maid were totally Ignorant of either Danger) at laſt they agreed one ſhould knock, and as ſoon as the Door was open, ruſh in by Violence, and ſecure the Door or ſthe reſt to follow, which accordingly was done, and their Office executed, to the great Affliction and Surprize of both the Miſtreſs and her Servant. The Rogue who for Diſtinction ſake, we muſt call Thief) above Stairs, who lay as ſilent in the Cheſt, as a ſturdy *Greek* in the Belly of a *Trojan* Horſe, began to be a little ſtartled at the ſorrowful Cries and Diſturbances he heard below Stairs, thinking himſelf now not quite ſo ſafe as a Thief in a Mill, and opening his Iron-bound Hut (which was indeed made with a Deſign to keep out Rogues, and not conceal any) he gave his Ears ſuch an Advantage of their Voices. that he made ſhift to diſcover by their Talk, the whole Buſineſs, reſolving ſtill to execute his Roguery as ſucceſsfully as the *Liberty-ſtealers* had done theirs. So down again he lay to conſider the beſt means to effect it with the leaſt Danger. The *Cannibals*

below

below Stairs, according to their uſual Civility, turn'd the Gentlewoman and Maid out of doors, who was forc'd to be beholden to a Neighbour for a Lodging, whi ſt theſe Tail-pieces of the Law, who bring up the Rear of deſtruction, were devourtng the Proviſions of the diſtreſſed, who had nothing but Providence to truſt to for their next Meal; ſome of theſe *Ægyptian Caterpillars* at Night went Home leaving two well Arm'd to keep Poſſeſſion, who about 10 a Clock went to Bed, making Choice of that Room for a Lodging where the honeſter Man of the three lay Buried in Antiquity, waiting with Patience for the Hour of his Reſurrection. About 11 a Clock he ventures to open the Cheſt, as far as an Oyſter does his Shell, to receive new Breath, and hearing by their Snoring, they were in a fine Condition for the Devil to fetch them, out he riſes from his dark and uneaſy Confines. cramp'd and crippl'd like a *London Prentice*, juſt deliver'd from his *Guild-hall* Pennance; but ſtunk as bad as a dying Snuff in the Socket of a dark Lanthorn, for fear the prying *Iſcariots* ſhould have peep'd into his wooden Territories, knowing nothing was more

more likely, than for one Rogue to catch another: But being now pretty well paſt the Danger he creeps to the Bed-ſide and ſecure their Arms, which were Swords, and Braces of Piſtols, then goes down Stairs, lets in his Confederates, which were Five more, (delivering to them the Particulars of what had paſt) whoſe firſt Buſineſs was to Tongue-tie the double-Tongued Vipers who might otherwiſe prove as dangerous as a Snake in the Graſs; which when they had done, by the Aſſiſtance of their Gags, and had bound thoſe unmerciful Hands which had drawn many a poor Wretch to Priſon by the Collar, they ranſack'd the Houſe, but had ſo much Mercy, conſidering the preſent Circumſtances of the Gentleman and the Unhappineſs of his Family, that they were contented with a ſmall Booty, conſiſting only of a little Plate and Linnen, which they ſent off by one Man; the other Five, to revenge the hard Uſage of the Gentlewoman and her Maid, took the two Diſturbers of Human Quiet, and placed them upon each other in the Cheſt, and having extorted from them before,

a

Confeſſion of who had employed them, he Thieves, like ſo many Bearers carrying an *Alm.-Houſe* Corps, without the Ornament of either Parſon, Clark, Pall, or Relations, convey'd them to the Plaintiff's Back-door, which, by the help of their Pick-Lock Inſtruments, they open'd; and as careleſs as our Parochial Supporters of the Dead gave them a toſs from their wearied Shoulders into the Plaintiff's Garden, inſtead of a more methodical Burying-Place, where they left them as contentedly as our *Corp-Tumblers* do their Brethren of Mortality, when they fly from the Church-Yard to receive the Reward of their Labour. The Gentleman having made a ſucceſsful Journey, happen'd to return the next Morning, and finding all things in ſuch a Deſtruction, conceiv'd by his Wife's Relation of the Matter, he was greatly Abuſed, to regulate which, he makes an immediate Viſit to his Money-Loving Creditor, (with a Sum in his Pocket to ſatisfy the Judgment) who gave him a ſurly, moroſe, *How d' ye?* For a Welcome, and afterwards took him

in

in the Garden to Diſcourſe their Buſineſs, where they found the Cheſt, to the great Surprize of both; upon which, the Gentleman taxed him with a Confederacy in the Robbery, which the Maggots in the Nutſhel hearing, made ſuch a buſtle, that occaſioned a great Surprize in both Plantiff and Defendant, who opened the Coffer, and found two naked Mutes, (who, indeed, never did deſerve the Uſe of either Tongues or Raiment) but being releaſed from their Long-Sufferings, and finding where they were, made them concur with the Gentleman's Opinion; and to excuſe themſelves, were ready to Swear the Benefactor was actually in the Robbery; which the Gentleman taking the Advantage of, frighten'd his Creditor, with Threats of Warrant, Conſtable, Juſtice, Jury, and a Halter, 'till at laſt he made him (tho' with Privacy) Compound the Felony, by a General Releaſe, and Satisfaction for his Goods. So that by this Fortunate Accident, and the Aſſiſtance of his kind Relations, he was reſtor'd to his former

former Prosperity, and ever since makes this the Motto of his Arms

Knaves by a Rebound are often bit:
To bite the Biter, is not Fraud, but Wit.

Intrigue upon Intrigue: Or, *The Widow become Mother to her Gallant, and the young Brother Father to the Elder.*

A Brisk, airy Gentleman, belonging to one of the *Inns of Courts*, happen'd to make his Courtship to a rich Elderly Widow, who had a pretty young Girl to her Daughter, that thought her self as capable of Matrimony as her Mother; when the Gentleman had repeated his Visits often enough to grow a little Familiar, he found all the agreeable Encouragements he could reasonably expect from a Person whose Fortune was much Superior to his own: But the Daughter looking upon her Mother's humble Servant with more than ordinary Respect, thought it abundance of pity so Youthful and so Handsome a Gentleman, for the sake of a little Money, should bury his Juvenile Years in the Grave of an old Woman, when her self would be very glad to Cherish him

in the Embraces of a young One. The Gentleman had not long continued his Courtſhip, but he found ſufficient Reaſons to ſuſpect, *that he had* not only work'd himſelf into the Widow's Love; but alſo into the Affections of the Daughter, and began to conſider, that though the old Woman was much the better Fortune, yet the Daughter would prove the more agreeable Match, and that what ſhe wanted in Fortune, would be ſupply'd more to his Satisfaction by her Youth and Beauty; beſides, knowing her to be the only Child, thought ſhe muſt come in at laſt for for the Effects of the Mother, in caſe that he could but be ſubtle enough to divert her from Matrimony: Upon theſe Conſiderations, he reſolv'd to alter his firſt Reſolutions, and only for the future, to make external Courtſhip to the Mother, in order to procure more favourable Opportunities of bringing his real Deſign upon the Daughter to its intended Iſſue.

The better to carry on his Intrigue without the Mother's ſuſpicion, he thought it neceſſary to acquaint his younger Brother with the Buſineſs, that now and then, when

when occaſion requir'd, he might prove an Aſſiſtant in the Matter.

After this manner he proceeded with the old Gentlewoman, till he had ſtolen reaſonable Opportunities enough to convince the Daughter of his Affections for her, and to aſſure her, that he only pretended Courtſhip to her Mother, on purpoſe to enjoy now and then a lucky Moment of making known the extraordinary Paſſion he truly had for herſelf. The younger Brother, who was a notable ſharp-witted Gentleman, and a very perſonal Man, reflecting one Morning in his Bed, upon the foul Practice of his Brother, to gain his Ends by diſappointing and deceiving the old Gentlewoman, began to think it could be no Crime in himſelf to take the Advantage of his Brother's Fallacy, and at once to make his own Fortune, and do Juſtice to the Widow without hindering his Brother from effecting his Deſign upon the Daughter.

Accordingly he reſolv'd to act a cunning Part, and to neglect no Opportunity of Ingratiating himſelf with the Mother, that when ſhe became ſenſible of his Brother's Deceit, he might be ready to ſupply the Diſappointment by

the Office of his own Service; which he was in hopes, if rightly manag'd, would be well accepted. The Widow, having great Confidence in the Integrity of her ſham Pretender, was mighty reſpectful to the Young Gentleman, upon his Brother's Account, ſo that, in a little Time, he was as familiar in the Family, as the Daughter's Admirer, who all along made his younger Brother acquainted with every Tittle of his Proceedings.

When the elder Brother had work'd the young Lady up to a Compliance, a Licenſe was taken out, and the Morning was appointed for the Prieſt to ſay Grace to that Love-Banquet, which both long'd for with an equal Appetite. The younger Brother was made Privy to the happy Hour, and engag'd to attend the Solemnity in the Office of a Father, which he perform'd accordingly when the Time came, and ſmiled in his own Sleeve, to ſee the matter conſummated; which was no ſooner over, but he made an Excuſe to diſpatch a little Buſineſs, promiſing to be with them again at Dinner.

No ſooner had he got his Liberty, but away he poſted in all haſte, to acquaint the old Gentlewoman, what a Diſhonourable

nourable Trick his Brother, had put upon her, and how undutiful her Daughter had been in complying to be a Partner in ſo Baſe and Treacherous an Intrigue. The Widow, who had never ſo much as ſuſpected the Integrity of her Gallant, was ſo amaz'd and confus'd at the Tydings, that for a little Time ſhe was as ſtark-mad as a raving Bedlamite, till her Paſſion was pretty well ſpent, and then the young Gentleman, to ſpur on her Revenge, told her that his Brother's further Deſign was to divert her, if poſſible, from Matrimony, in hopes that her own Fortune upon her Death, might deſcend to her Daughter, ſo that he ſhould become at laſt Maſter of all her Riches, as well as the Fortune already ſettled upon her Daughter, and that this was the main Conſideration that induced him to marry her Daughter, after ſo many Pretenſions to herſelf. This ſubtle Inſinuation ſo inflam'd her Malice that ſhe vow'd, rather than they ſhould be one Shilling the better for what ſhe had, ſhe would marry a Cobler or any Rakehell. that ſhe was ſure would ſpend it every Groat. To which replied the young Gentleman, Madam, a Perſon of your Worth, Comelineſs, and Diſcretion, can

can never have Occaſion to diſpoſe of your ſelf to either a mean Man, or Spend-thrift; could you conceive me to be a Perſon worthy of ſo great a Happineſs, as ſo good a Wife, I ſhould think it a Bleſſing to my ſelf and Family, that you would give it into my Power, to repair that Injury and Diſhonour which my Brother has done you; and I aſſure you further, Madam, that if you make me your Husband, it will prove a revenge upon him, a Bleſſing to me, and I promiſe you, I will do all that in an honeſt Gentleman lies, to make it a Happineſs to your ſelf. Well ſays the old Gentlewoman, leſt Time and Delay ſhould make you prove as great a Knave as your Brother, I will ſeek out for no other Husband, nor need any farther Courtſhip; but in the revengeful Mood I am now in, I will run this Minute headlong to be marry'd. The young Gentleman expreſs'd his utmoſt Joy for her ſudden Reſolution, ſo immediately order'd a Coach to be call'd, and away they went, firſt to take out a Licenſe, and then to be marry'd the very ſame Morning, and at the ſame Church, and by the ſame Miniſter who had joined the former Couple. As ſoon as the Ceremony was over, the young

young Bridegroom, by the Conſent of the Bride, order'd the Coachman to drive to the ſame Tavern where the treacherous Pair had provided their Wedding Dinner, and in they pop'd upon them juſt as the firſt Diſh was brought to Table; the Daughter was ready to faint thro' Fear, her Bridegroom bit his Nails thro' Madneſs; the Mother upbraided the *quondam* Lover with Baſeneſs, her Daughter with undutifulneſs; the elder Brother tax'd the younger with Treachery, whilſt the greateſt Winner ſmiled in his Sleeve, to think, that at one lucky Hit, he had made his Fortune. When their Paſſions, as well as their Victuals, were grown pretty Cold, the youngeſt Bridegroom, who was a Man of Eloquence, made a pleaſant Speech, that unriddl'd the whole Myſtery, and went ſo far in the Reconciliation of all Differences, that they ſat down to their Victuals, and made one Dinner ſerve for both Weddings; the elder Brother at laſt ſubmitting to call the younger Father, and the Mother acknowledging the Elder to be her Son: So that by the help of Mirth and Wine, they became all Friends; and each lived comfortably for the future with their own proper Mates, and in proceſs of Time, hammered

out ſuch a promiſcuous Progeny, that would puzzle the *Herald's Office* properly to diſtinguiſh what Relation they were one to another.

The Dying Wife's Revenge: Or, the Husband paid in his own Coin.

A Farmer's Wife, falling dangerouſly Ill, was very importunate with her Husband that he would grant her the Liberty of making a Will to diſpoſe of her wearing Apparel. The good Man, that his Wife might go out of the World with a ſafe Conſcience, ſeemed very willing to comply with her Requeſt; and that ſhe might be ſure every thing ſhould be bequeathed according to her Deſire, he offered to Pen the Will himſelf according to her own Directions: She thank'd him heartily for this laſt Kindneſs, acknowledging how good a Man he had always been to her, and hoped he would ever Proſper when ſhe was under Ground, for his loving and tender Uſage, both to her, and her Children; and ſo begg'd him to fetch Pen, Ink, and Paper, and ſhe would give him Inſtructions: Away went the good Man, at his Wife's Requeſt, to muſter up the Materials; but, before he returned, had the Wit to conſider it was a hard

hard caſe that her Cloaths, which were very Neat and Good, ſhould be given to a Parcel of Goſſips, away from her own Children; and withal formed a Project, as he thought, ſo to deceive his Wife, that ſhe might die in Peace: and yet ſave her Apparel from the thankleſs Hands of a Parcel of Tipling Tittle-Tattles: When he had thus prepared himſelf, he returns with the Scribbling Implements to his Wife's Bedſide, deſiring her freely to impart her Mind, promiſing, that all things ſhould be performed accordingly; upon which ſhe began her Inſtructions after the following manner, (*viz.*) *In the firſt Place, I give unto my beloved Friend and Neighbour Goody* Blowzen, *my High-Crown'd Hat, and beſt red Petticoat, for ſhe has been always ready to go and come upon all occaſions to me and mine.* The good Man inſtead of mentioning the Benefit, writes *Tittle-Tattle for that*, and then deſir'd his Wife to proceed. *In the next place ſays ſh, I give and bequeath to my Gammar* Dowdy, *my Wedding Gown and Smock, for ſhe is a merry Dame, and has made us all laugh at many a Junket.* The good Man writes again, *Tittle-Tattle for that, and then deſires*

the next *Item.* 'Laſtly, ſays ſhe, I give 'and bequeath my preat claſp'd Bible, 'and my *Whole Duty of Man*, to my Dame *Cantwell*, for ſhe is a religious Woman, of 'whom I have learned more good over a 'Jug of ſtrong Beer than ever I did of the 'Parſon for all the Tythes we have given 'him; and that is all Husband, I deſire to 'diſpoſe of from you. Very well, replies the good Man, and inſtead of the laſt *Item*, ſets down *Tittle-Tattle for that.* 'Well, 'Wife, ſays he, now all things are order'd 'according to your Mind, I hope you will 'die ſatisfy'd. Yes, yes, ſaid ſhe, I thank you 'my dear and loving Husband. I bleſs G-d 'I can give up my Ghoſt with peace of 'Conſcience. Pray ſtick the Will up in 'the Window, and then you may go and 'Fodder the Cattle. The good Man, according to his Wife's Direction, left the Paper in the Window, and after he had given her a comfortable Word or two, away he went about his Buſineſs No ſoon-was his back turn'd, but in came one of her *Goſſiping Legates* to pay her a viſit, who entering the Chamber, thus accoſted the 'Sick Woman, *viz.* How d' ye now, 'Neighbour? I hope by the Grace of 'G—d, you find your ſelf on the mend-'ing Hand. No, truly Dame, anſwers the

'dying Gammer, I am not a Woman for 'this World; I find by the weakneſs of 'my Lungs, and the faintneſs of my 'Speech, I have but a ſhort Time to tarry 'among you. But, however, as you have 'been my good Friend and Neighbour, 'I have left you ſomething to remember 'me when I am gone: My Husband, 'whom you know has always been a kind 'and a loving Man to me has given me 'leave to diſpoſe of my wearing Cloaths 'among you, and has writ my Will with 'his own Hand, yonder it ſticks in the Win-'dow. Neighbours you, I know, can read 'written Hand; if you pleaſe to look in it, 'you may ſee what a Legacy I have left 'you.

With that Gammer *Dowdy* open'd the unlucky Teſtament, and diſcovers the Waggery. 'Alas! Neighbour ſays ſhe 'your Husband has only jeſted with you, 'he has writ down nothing but *Tittle tat-'tle for that, Tittle tattle for that,* and *Tit-'tle tattle for that.* 'Has he ſerv'd me ſo, cries the ſick Dame, 'now I am going 'out of the World; Pray, Neighbour, 'ſtick it up where you found it; I hope 'for all this, to live long enough to be 'even with him. Pray Neighbour, leave 'me a little to my ſelf, for I expect my

'Husband in every Minute, and I have 'ſomething to ſay to him, that is not 'proper for any Body to hear. So the Goſſip ſhed a Tear or two at parting, and according to the other's Requeſt, took her leave for the preſent. By and by in comes the good Man, and hobbling up to the Sick Wife's Chamber, ask'd her how ſhe did; who anſwer'd as if ſhe was juſt expiring, 'Oh, very bad, not a Woman for 'this World, and therefore ſhe had two 'or three dying Requeſts to him, which 'ſhe hoped he would particularly obſerve 'when ſhe was gone to her laſt Home. 'Yes, that he would, to be ſure, he moſt faithfully promis'd, 'deſiring her to ſpeak 'her Mind freely, that he might know 'what they were. In the firſt Place ſays ſhe, 'I would have you to take particu-'lar Care of Son *Robin*, and bread him 'up to Reading and Writing, that when 'he is a Scholar good enough, he may 'be bound Apprentice to a Mercer; and 'as for my Son *Ralph*, I would have you 'breed him up to your own Buſineſs, Husbandry; and as for my Daughter *Joan*, 'I would have you to keep her at Home to 'milk the Kine, and look after the Dairy; 'but as to the Red-headed Girl (whom

ſhe

ſhe knew to be her Husband's Favourite, 'I ſay, as to her, you need not take much 'Care, becauſe ——— Becauſe what, ſays *Roger*, in a mighty Paſſion, 'why 'not take Care of her? Becauſe, replies the dying Dame, 'ſhe's none of yours; 'Adſheartliwounds, cries *Roger*, none of 'mine, you wicked Baggage you whoſe 'is ſhe then? *Tittle-Tattle for that*, cries the 'good Wife, *Tittle-Tattle for that Knave*, '*Tittle-Tattle for that, Cuckold*; & ſo ſhe dy'd.

Thus we may ſee at the laſt Gaſp of Life,
How ſweet Revenge is to an angry Wife.
If once they're injur'd, ſlighted, flaw'd, or ſham'd.
When dying they'll requite us, tho' they're damn'd.
Therefore forbear to vex them, for we find,
Like bees they wound, and leave their ſting behind.

The Phyſician's Receipt to cure a Welſhman *of a Fever: Or, to kill an* Engliſhman *with the ſame Medicine.*

A Gentleman of *Wales*, coming freſh off the Mountains to viſit *London*, happen'd upon change of Air, to fall dangerouſly ill of a Hectick Fever An Engliſh Phyſician being immediately ſent for, found his Condition to be very dangerous, and preſently dorder'd him ſuch proper Medicines as are uſually adminiſtred in ſuch Caſes, but all to no purpoſe; for the Diſtem-

Diſtemper prov'd ſo very rebellious, that notwithſtanding the Doctor proceeded according to the beſt of Judgment, yet all the Phyſick he preſcrib'd him, was wholly ineffectual, till at laſt, the Patient was reduc'd to ſo low a Condition, that the Doctor, tho' a skilful Man, quite deſpair'd of his Recovery, ſo told the Nurſe privately, *That he had done the utmoſt, according to the Rules of Art, and that all his Viſits and Preſcriptions for the future would be of little uſe to the Patient, ſo that he would now give him up to the Goodneſs of God, and the Care of her ſelf; for he could not conceive it was in the Power of Phyſick to ſave his Life, therefore adviſ'd her to deal gently by him, and deny him nothing he cou'd eat or drink, that thoſe few Moments he had to ſpend in this World might paſs away under the leſs Uneaſineſs*; ſo took leave of the Nurſe, and away he went. No ſooner had the Doctor given the Nurſe this Liberty, but as ſoon as his Back was turn'd, ſhe began to fondle her dying Patient, and begg'd him to think of ſomething or other that he believ'd he could eat or drink, and let it be what it would ſhe would get it him preſently; at laſt he lifts up his languiſhing Eyes, and ſtaring

ring her full in the Face, cry'd out as loud as he was able to ſpeak, Toaſted-Cheeſe. With that ſhe ran in all haſte to the next Chandler, nothwithſtanding ſhe thought it ſtrange Food for a dying Man, in a Fever, yet ſhe reſolv'd he ſhould have it; and accordingly bought a Pound of good old Cheſhire, and cook'd it ſo agreeable to her *Welſh* Patient's Tooth, that he eat it up every Bit, to the Nurſe's great Aſtoniſhment. She then ask'd him, 'What he 'thought he could drink? He told her then, with a much ſtronger Voice than before, 'A Gallon of Leek-Pottage. The Nurſe finding the Toaſted-Cheeſe agree ſo well with her Patient, ran immediately to the Herb-ſtall for a bunch of Leeks, and brew'd him up a Gallon of *Welch*-Caudle preſently, which, as ſoon as it was cool enough for his Pallat, he drank off, and then turning his Face from the Light, compos'd himſelf to Reſt, and ſlept heartily till the next Morning, and when he awak'd, was ſo extreamly mended, that the Nurſe had great Hopes of his Recovery. In the Afternoon, the Doctor happening to come that way in his Coach, gave a Look up at the Chamber, expecting the dead

dead Signal, that is, 'The Windows to 'be open, but finding them ſhut, ſtopp'd his Coach, and ſtep'd up Stairs to ſee how Matters went and coming into the Chamber, found the Patient he had given over but the Day before, to great Admiration getting out of his Bed. The Doctor was perfectly amaz'd at this unexpected Sight, and enquir'd of the Nurſe, 'What ſtrange 'Meaſures ſhe had taken to recover him? Who very readily told him what an unaccountable Refreſhment ſhe had given him. 'Nurſe, ſays the Doctor, very gravely ſmelling to the Civet-Box of his Ebbony-Cane, 'You have done very 'well: Pray let him have more Toaſted-'Cheeſe, and more Leek-Porridge, and 'I will call again to morrow, and ſee 'how it agrees with him. The Patient liked it ſo well, that as often as they repeated it, he was willing to take it, till in a little time the Welſhman was throughly recover'd, upon which the Nurſe was well paid, and the Phyſician had the Reputation of a very wonderful Cure.

In a little Time after this miraculous Succeſs, the Doctor happen'd to have an Engliſh Patient exactly in the ſame Condition; that by all the Rules of

Art

Art, by which he govern'd his Practice, he could not adminiſter one Medicine that would abate the Diſtemper: At laſt, calling to mind what a wonderful Cure the Nurſe and he had ſo lately prrformed, by Toaſted Cheeſe and Leek Porridge, not knowing but there might be ſome Occult Quality in the one or the other, more than Phyſicians were acquainted with, he reſolv'd to make Trial of their Vertues a ſecond time, and accordingly directed the Nurſe to adminiſter them to the Patient, whom the Doctor declared was abſolutely paſt Recovery by any other Means. The Nurſe thought it ſtrange Advice from a College Phyſician; but however, it being his Directions, ſhe was reſolv'd to obſerve them; and accordingly provided a plentiful Plate full of Balſamick Cheſhire, toaſted *ſecundum Artem*, which with much ado, ſhe perſwaded her Patient to ſwallow, after much kecking, and to take a hearty Draught of Leek Pottage after it, to help Digeſtion. No ſooner had the feeble Patient forc'd down both his Doſes, but he turned his Face to the Wall, and inſtead of going to ſleep, in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour he made his Exit; The Doctor

Doctor coming the next Day to enquire after the Success of his new Medicament, looking up for the old Signal, found the Windows wide open, by which he presently understood, without farther Enquiry, what Condition his Patient was in; so, altering his Course, plucks out his Pocket Book, and in it makes this Memorandum, Toasted-Cheese and 'Leek Pottage, a certain Cure for a 'Welshman in a Fever; but present 'Death for an Englishman. *Probatum est.*

The wilful Drunkard; *Or, The* Shoemaker *make a Cuckold by the* Devil.

A Jolly *Crispin* having a confounded Scold to his Wife, happened to come Home one Night, at a late Hour very much troubled with a drunken Vertigo in his Noddle: He had no sooner enter'd the Shop, but his Angry Helpmate, in a mighty Passion for his Offence, began to spirt out such provoking Messes of maundering Broth, in the very Teeth of her Pot-Valiant Spouse, that he swore, 'Since he could not be 'quiet at Home, he would return from 'whence he came, and spend the rest of

'the

'the Night, where he could be more eafy. She ſtill perſiſted in her termagant Spirit, and very aggravating Words were toſs'd backwards and forwards, till at laſt the Difference grow too great for any preſent Reconciliation. A *Chimney-Sweeper* coming by, who had pawn'd his Brooms for an Evening's Draught, over-hearing their courſe Compliments, ſtood a little under the Eves to liſten to the Fray. The *Shoe-maker* at laſt grew ſo highly enrag'd, that he ſwore he wou'd go out again; and wrenching open the Door, in ſpite of his Wife's Reſiſtance, out he went, and away he ſtagger'd, ſhe bawling after him in theſe Words, viz. *Go and be hang'd you Rogue ſince you will go, and may the Devil go with you.* The *Chimney-Sweeper*, when he heard the Door open, skuttled away a little before the *Shoe-maker*, and ſtept up into an Alley till *Criſpin* was gone paſt him; then flinging his ſooty Sack which he had upon his Shoulder, over his Head like a Hood, that he might make the more unuſual Figure, he trudg'd after the *Shoe-maker*, till he got juſt upon the Heels of him. *Criſpin* hearing ſome Body come rattling after, faced about, and

and by the Light of the Stars discovered a strange black Monster just at the very Nose of him. *Who are you?* says the Shoe maker. *The Devil,* cries the Chimney-sweeper. *Pray Mr.* Devil, says *Crispin, What want you with me? Your Wife sent me after you,* cries the Chimney-Sweeper, *to fetch you Home. Home* cries *Crispin, Pray, Mr.* Devil, *to which Home, your Home, or my Home? To your own Home,* answers the Chimney-Sweeper. *Then by all the Shoes in my Shop,* says Crispin, *I will not go, except you will first carry my Wife to your Home, and then I'll go Home presently. Done* says the Chimney-Sweeper, *stay you here 'till I return, and I'll pack her off for you instantly. Done,* cries the Shoe-maker, *do you perform your Work, and I'll perform my Word.* Away runs the Chimney-Sweeper, to the Shoe-maker's House in St. *Martins,* knocks at the Door, to which comes the Wife in her Smock, expecting it was her Husband; the Chimney-Sweeper, for fear of frighting her, presently discovers himself, and tells her what a Trick he had put upon her Husband, and upon what Errand her Spouse had sent him; and that if she would but first let him make him

a

a Cuckold, he would engage to make him a good Husband for ever after: Upon this Condition the Wife consented and the Business being done with a Jerk, he gave her Directions how she should manage the Matter, and returned again to the Shoe-maker, who waited with great Impatience to hear the Success. *Wells*, says *Crispin* to the Devil, as he thought *have you done the Business? Ay, Ay*, says the Chimney-Sweeper, *effectually, therefore make haste Home, for I forgot to shut the Door after me. How did she behave her self*, says Crispin, *did she not scold damnably? Confoundedly* cries the Chimney-Sweeper; *she has already put Hell in an Uproar, and how long we shall be able to keep her there, the L—d knows. Wounds*, says the Shoe-maker, *good Devil keep her now thou hast her, for if you let her come back again, I shall certainly hang my self.* So bidding each other Farewell, away went *Crispin* with great Joy to his own House, where the Door was left on a Jar, and the Wife stood hid in a Closet above Stairs, according to the Chimney-Sweeper's Directions. *Crispin*, when he had made all fast, took the Candle and went up to Bed, pleasing himself with the Thoughts

of

of the great Kindneſs the Devil had done him, and ſitting himſelf down on the Bed-ſide, began to undreſs, making himſelf merry with a piece of an old Ballad which he thought very applicable to his preſent Happineſs, *viz.*

I value not Silver or Gold.
Now I'm rid of a troubleſome Evil,
My Wife was a damnable Scold.
But now ſhe is gone to the Devil.

Upon theſe Words out bolts his Wife upon him from the Cloſet, with her Hair about her Ears like a Fury, and her Smock as black with the *Chimney-Sweeper's* ſmugling her, as if herſelf had been the Devil, crying out, *You Sir you Rogue, I defy the Devil and all his Works. I will make you know, Sirrah, there is never a* Devil *in* Hell *can maſter me, if I am ſet on't; you may ſee by my Pickle, I was forc'd to ſtruggle hard to overcome* Satan, *and ſince I have conquer'd the Devil, I am reſolv'd I will maſter you.* The poor *Shoe-maker*, in the midſt of his Jollity, was ſo ſadly Cow'd at his Tormentor's Appearance, that he was forced to cry *Peccavi*, and acknowledge his Wife to be ſo good a Woman that the Devil could have

have no Power over her; ſo upon *Criſpin's* Submiſſion, his Tongue-ceaſing Fury put on a clean Smock in order to invite her cozen'd *Cuckold* to the butter'd Bun which the *Chimney-Sweeping Devil* had left him for his Supper, and then tumbled into Bed, where all paſt Differences were reconcil'd by the matrimonial Peace-Maker.

The Comical Exchange: Or, a Fire-Ship inſtead of a Maiden-Head.

A Country Gentleman coming up to Town, happen'd to take a Lodging in an Apothecary's Houſe; where he had not reſided above a Week, but being an amorous Sark, he fell deeply in Love, as he pretended, with the Apothecary's Maid, improving all Opportunities that offer'd, in hopes to Decoy the Girl into the like Affection, that their Deſires might be mutual. But the Wench being as Cunning as ſhe was Pretty, was very cautious how ſhe gave him Encouragement, becauſe ſhe had good Reaſons to believe, from his manner of Courtſhip, his Deſign was only to debauch her. After he had try'd, for ſome Time, all the ſoothing Means imaginable, to bring

bring her to a Compliance, but ſtill found her Virtue ſo impregnable, that all his Solicitations to that End, were repuls'd with ſuch a modeſt Contempt, and virtuous Defiance, that he grew almoſt hopeleſs of obtaining his Deſires; yet at laſt reſolv'd to try Love's powerful Expedient, Gold; and if he found he could not purchaſe a Surrender upon reaſonable Terms, then to break up his Siege, and utterly deſiſt making any further Efforts, but for the future look upon her as Unconquerable.

If purſuance of his Deſign, the next Opportunity he had, he renewed his Amours, and to ſtrengthen her Belief of the wonderful Paſſion he had for her, he told her, *What mighty things he would do for her, if ſhe would but condeſcend to oblige him with her Favours; and as a preſent Earneſt of his ſincere Intention he would preſent her with that little Purſe of Gold, wherein there were ten half Guineas, upon Condition ſhe would but promiſe to be kind to him.* The Girl, wanting no Wit, anſwer'd him, *Since ſhe was not to be won with Love, ſhe was not to be purchas'd with Money, and tho' ſhe was but in the mean Circumſtances of a Servant, yet ſhe thank'd*

thank'd God, she had Honesty enough to resist such a powerful Temptation. The Gentleman finding she would not swallow the Bait upon any such Terms, press'd her to keep them a Day or two to consider of it, in hopes, when she had once had the handling of the glittering Bribe, she would rather submit than return it. With much difficulty he at last prevail'd upon her to receive the Gold, with a promise to give him her Answer the next Day, whether she would heal those Wounds which her Eyes had given, or not.

It happen'd, about two Days before, a young Lady of the Town, who had fired her Tail by an immoderate Resignation of her Favours, had privately taken a Lodging in the same House, that the Apothecary might repair her damag'd Carcass with a gentle Salivation; which the Wench knowing, and perceiving Madam to be a proper Person to manage the Intrigue, she acquaints her with all that had pass'd between the Gentleman and her, except the little Purse of Gold; and told her, *That if she would but be so kind as to change Beds with her for one Night, they could put a pretty Trick upon*

the

the Gentleman, who was a Rich Country Curmudgeon, and would prove a fat Patient to her Master, who, she was sure, would be well pleased with the Project, and would use her the more kindly for being an Instrument in procuring him so profitable a Patient. The Lady, who, ever since she was able, had been a great Lover of Intrigue, very readily consented. Upon this, the Girl afterwards carry'd her self towards him with a little more Freedom than ordinary, and after he had press'd her to a Compliance with a strenuous Repetition of his former Arguments, she at last seem'd, tho' with a blushing Countenance to acquiesce with his Desires, telling him, *That she Lodged just over his Head, and if she could oblige him with any thing that he thought worth coming up so high for, it should be at his Service; but withal, desir'd him to come up in the Dark, for fear a Candle should glance through some of the Key-holes of the Doors, and cause a Discovery, for that she would have a Light by her Bedside ready to receive him, but begg'd him not to venture till he was sure all the Family was in Bed.* He promised her punctually to observe her Directions, and down Stairs she went

went about her Buſineſs, leaving her Spark under an inexpreſſible Satisfaction for the mighty Conqueſt as he thought he had ſo happily gained over ſuch a pretty Innocent. The Maid as well pleaſed as her Lover, ſoon found a convenient Opportunity to communicate how far ſhe had proceeded to her Lewd Agent, who was glad to revenge herſelf of that ingrateful Sex, who had brought her Youth and Beauty into ſo miſerable a Condition and ſhew'd herſelf ſo very forward to play her part, that the pleaſing Foreſight ſhe had of the Deceit, gave her Fancy a Titulation. About Ten o' Clock at Night the Lady betook herſelf to the Maid's Chamber, and the Maid retir'd to Miſs's Apartment. When all Things were huſh'd and ſilent, and a proper Seaſon for the Enjoyment was at hand, Madam, by joggling the Chair by the Bed-ſide, gave the Gentleman beneath Notice, that his dear Beloved, as he thought, expected his Company; he preſently ſlips on his Gown, and opening his Door with as much Caution as a Midnight Thief, by ſoft and gentle Steps he makes his Approaches towards his Happineſs, Miſs lying all the while very circumſpect to watch his Entrance, who

at last came sliding in at the Door as silently as a Shadow: Upon which *Phillis* immediately pops out the Candle giving him no more time to look about him, but just to see where the Bed stood, lest he should discern the Difference. No sooner had he fumbled his Way into Love's Paradice, the Bed, but being ready cock'd and prim'd, he began to be mighty busy about the Maiden head, which his experienced Bed-fellow managed with such Subtilty that he made no Scruple of his being the first Sinner that ever jogg'd on that untrodden Way: Her Whispers were so soft that her Voice was undiscoverable, and her Deportment so very coy, and yet inviting, that he did not at all question but that was the Beginning of her Corruption. The Spark, proud of so glorious a Conquest, repeated over his Joys with abundance of Vigour, 'till at last he had so exhausted his Spirits, that he began to tug at the labouring Oar, which his Bed-fellow finding, entreated him in a soft Whisper, to turn to his own Bed whilst the Family were dead in Sleep, lest by some chance Blunder on the Stairs, if he staid while they were more wakeful, it should give Cause of Suspicion. He having already glutted himself

himself with the forbidden Fruit was glad to take her Advice, that he might come off with flying Colours, so gave her a parting Kiss, and went groping his Way down into his own Chamber. *Phillis* was so highly pleased that the Project had succeeded so well, that she could not sleep for langhing in her Sleeve, to think how she had pepper'd off the Spark, and made him a Partner in her Affliction. A little before Day-light, Madam steals down to her own Bed, and tells the Maid how luckily every thing had been carry'd on, according to both their Wishes. The Wench, after her Ears had been tickled with a lushious Account of the whole Proceeding, advanc'd to her own Room, and bout the usual time of her rising, came down Stairs; and upon the first Opportunity she had, acquaints her Master with the whole Intrigue. *Truly*, says the Master, *I must needcommend thee both for thy Wit and thy Honesty; for since he could not be content without a Whore, I think thou didst well to deceive him by one that was a Whore, but however*, says he, *to prevent a Noise in the Hourse, I would advise you to go into the Country to your Mother, 'till I send for you up again, and let none of the*

Family know any thing of the Matter, and let me alone to manage the Buſineſs for the future. The Maid was very glad to take her Maſter's Council, and packing up a few Neceſſaries, went privately into the Country. The Gentleman wonder'd that all the ſucceding Day he could not ſee his Love as he us'd to do, the next Day came, and when he called for any thing, up came a ſort of a Chair-Woman; as ſoon as he had dreſt himſelf, down Stairs he comes into the Shop, expecting to ſee her frisking backwards and forwards as he uſed to do, thinking that her Modeſty might make her aſhamed to look him in the Face, conceiving that to be the Reaſon ſhe would not come up Stairs to him. By and by in comes the Maſter, and after they had bid one another Good-Morrow, *Lord, Sir,* ſays the Apothecary, *I have had one of the oddeſt Things happen'd in my Family, that has perfectly amazed me! What is that?* Cries the Gentleman. Hannah, *the pretty Wench,* replies the Apothecary, *that was my Servant, is gone from me ſo unaccountably, that I am afraid the poor Girl is come to ſome Miſchief; ſhe went out it ſeems Yeſterday Morning, and has never been heard of ſince, I am afraid the ſilly Creature was in Love,*

Love, and by ſome Means or other has made away with her ſelf. This unaccountable News nettled the poor Gentleman ſadly, who was apt enough to think the Wench, (reflecting upon the Sin and Folly ſhe had committed over Night) might be induced to do ſomething or other that might be the Occaſion of her Ruin. This paſt on for three or four Days, till at laſt, the Fire which lay ſmothering in the Gentleman's lower Apartment, began to break out with moſt aſtoniſhing Violence: No ſooner had he found that ſhe had burnt his *Pope*, but he preſently concluded that to be the Cauſe of her running away, and that inſtead of a *Maiden-head*, ſhe had given him for his Five Guineas, a confounded *Clap*; he thought he could not be too early with ſuch a Diſtemper, and preſently communicates his Condition to the Apothecary; telling him, *That Modeſt Mrs.* Hannah *had done him that Piece of Service, and that now the Cauſe was plain why ſhe left him ſo abruptly.* The ſerious *Fundament-Peeper* made a mighty Wonder at theſe Tydings, declaring what a poſitive Opinion he had of her Vertue; *But*, ſays the Doctor, *I find we are all* Adam's *Children, and muſt have a Bite at the Forbidden Fruit as well as our*

Parents. So taking the Gentleman under his Cure, he made a fine Penny of his Country-Chub, e'er he diſpatch'd him out of Town; Cured his Female Patient upon eaſy Terms of her Civility; and then recalled his Maid *Hannah* into her Old Service.

The Dead Man's Reſurrection: Or The Judge Buried alive in his own Cellar.

ONE of the Judges in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, being in the long Vacation at his Country-Houſe in *Holſworth* in *Suffolk*, happened upon too ſerious a Reflection on ſome little Juvenile Miſcarriages, to fall into a deep Fit of the *Hypocondria*, inſomuch that he fancy'd himſelf to be dead, and was ſo very obſtinate under the Influence of his whimſical Diſtemper, that he would not be perſuaded to ſtir Hand or Foot, or receive any manner of Suſtenance, but by Force, till he had brought his Body into ſo low a Condition, that had a lighted Candle been in his Belly, his Sides would have proved as tranſparent as a Lanthorn: In this ſtubborn Frenzy he lay upon his Back, ſtretched out at his full Length, like a Corps, and as motionleſs as

a

a Stone Figure upon an old Tomb, neither his Physician, nor his Family knowing what to do with him. A famous High German Doctor coming into the Town, attended with a Pack of Fools and Rope-Dancers in order to pick the Country Peoples Pockets of a little Money, hearing of so eminent a Person under this unaccountable Indisposition, took an Occasion the first time that he mounted his publick Theatre, to mention this Matter to his *Country Chubs*, who were giving great Attention to all the Lies he could muster up to his Advantage, telling them, *Their Country Physicians were all Fools, and that the Judge was only troubled with the* Mulligrubs; *and that if his Lady would send for him, he would undertake to bring him to his Speech, set him upon his Legs, make him walk, talk, eat, drink, piss, sh—— — or do any thing in four and twenty Hours time, or else he would desire nothing for his Trouble*; This large Promise of the Mountebank was soon communicated to the *Judge*'s Lady, who being a tender Wife to her Husband and willing to try every thing that might do him good, sent immediately for the *Dutch* Tooth-Drawer, to consult him about the matter; who told her positively, *He*

could ſoon cure him, if ſhe would promiſe he ſhould have a Hundred Guineas Reward, provided he had Leave without Interruption, to do as he ſhould think fit. The Lady aſſured him, he ſhould have all the Liberty he deſir'd to work the Cure, and the Reward he asked when he had performed it. Both Parties being agreed, the Doctor ſent his Man for a Joiner and a Coffin; as ſoon as the one had brought the other, up Stairs they went; for the Doctor would not ſee his Patient before he had got his Tools ready. When every thing was in order, in goes the Doctor and the Lady, the reſt tarry'd without till call'd for. No ſooner had the Doctor caſt an Eye upon his ſullen Patient, but that he cries out to the Lady, *Lord, Madam, what makes you ſend for a Phyſician to a Dead Man? For Shame keep him not above Ground any longer. Upon my Word, Madam, he has been dead ſo long that he ſtinks again, and if you don't bury him quickly, the very Scent of his Corps will breed a Plague in your Family. I have had a Coffin in the Houſe ſome time,* reply'd the Lady, *but was loth to have him buried too ſoon, for fear he ſhould come to Life again. By all Means,* ſays the Doctor, *let it be brought in, and order him to be nailed up with all Expedition.*

dition. 'Pray, Doctor, ſays the Lady, do 'you ſtay a little in the Room, for fear the 'Rats ſhould knaw the Corps, and I'll ſtep 'and order ſome of my Servants to bring 'in the Coffin preſently The Patient heard all this, but was ſtill too humourſome to break his Silence, by and by comes the Lady, and her Servants after her with the Coffin, who ſet it down by the Bed-ſide, and then wrapt their Maſter up in a Couple of warm Blankets, and into the Coffin they very orderly laid him, put on the Lid, and made a hammering over his Head, as if they were nailing him up: He endur'd it all without either Word or Motion, and when he was enclos'd, they order'd the great Bell of the Church to ring out, that he might think they were bearing him to his laſt Home, the Grave; inſtead of which they carry him down into his own Wine-Cellar, where they ſet ſome Body to watch by him, till a good Supper was got ready; in the Interim the Doctor order'd his Lady, and her Servants, ſo to diſguiſe themſelves in Winding-Sheets, and ſuch like Dreſſes, that would beſt repreſent a Parcel of Ghoſts or Spirits, the Doctor making one amongſt them: When they were thus equip'd, the Doctor led the Van of theſe

Hob-goblins, and into the Cellar they went, where they altered their Voices as much as poſſible, and fell into a merry, extravagant Chat, concerning the Affairs of the Upper World, rattling the Bottles and the Glaſſes, extolling their Happineſs after Death, and drinking to the Remembrance of thoſe Friends they had left behind. The Cloth being laid, in a little time down came Supper, which they fell to with all the ſeeming Jollitry imaginable.

As they were thus merrily eating and carouſing: 'What's the Matter *ſay the* 'Doctor, with that melancholy Ghoſt, that 'he does not riſe out of his Coffin? He has 'been among us this Fortnight, and has not 'yet gave us any of his Company: Sure he 'is ſadly tir'd with his Journey out of the 'other World; for he has a plaguy long 'Sleep after it: Prithee awake him, and ask 'him to eat a Bit with us, for he has had no 'Refreſhment ſince he has been in *Eli-*'*zium*': With that one of the moſt frightful of the *Spectres*, with a Taper in his Hand, opens the Lid of the Coffin, and hollows in his Ears, *Mug-Dammum, Huggle-Duggle, Deputy-Governor of the lower Regions, deſires your Company to Supper with him.* Upon which he raiſes

raiſes his Head to the Edge of the Coffin, and beholding ſuch a Parcel of frightful Figures feeding as heartily as ſo many Plowmen, 'Pray, ſays he do dead Men eat? 'Aye, and drink too, ſays the Doctor, or 'or how ſhould they live? Then, ſays the 'Judge, if eating be the Cuſtom of this 'Country, I will make my Reſurrection, 'and pick a Bit with you. So they lent him a Hand, and conducted him to a Seat at the Table. 'Truly, *ſays he*, I am very glad to 'find that dead Men live ſo merrily: Well 'may we live ſo merry, *cries the Doctor*, for 'we live better here without Money than 'a Man in the other World can for 1000 *l.* 'a Year; for in ſhort we have every thing 'and that for nothing. The Judge who was a great Lover of a little Shoulder of Mutton, which his Lady remembring, had got one ready at the Fire, asked them, 'If the 'Country afforded any Mutton? The beſt '*replies the Doctor*, in all the World; here 'fetch a hot Shoulder preſently; which, by one of the Ghoſtly Attendants, was done immediately; at which unexpected Sight the Judge was ſo well pleaſed, that he fell too, and eat heartily. When Supper was over, they drank a chearful Glaſs to the Memory of all their particular Friends over their Heads, till at laſt the

Patient

Patient (being much weaken'd with his long Faſting) grew very fuddled, ſo that they turn'd him again into his wooden Territories, where he ſoon fell into a very ſound Sleep; during which time they carry'd him up into his own Room, and put him again into his Bed, where he reſted very well, and his Lady with him, till the next Morning about Day-light, and at laſt, waking, he began to look about him, very ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, which the Lady perceiving, cry'd Prithee my Dear, what's the Matter with thee? Lord, Love, ſays he, Art thou there? Where are we? In your own Bed, replies the Lady, in your own Chamber, in your own Houſe: Where do you think we ſhould be? Then ſays the Judge, I have had one of the unaccountable Dreams that ever was heard on. And falls to repeating over all he had ſeen over Night: Poh, ſays ſhe, never mind ſuch idle Whimſies, but think of what you can eat for Breakfaſt. So, up gets the Lady, and provided him ſomething that was comfortable, and from that time he was recover'd of his Melancholy; ſo the Mountebank had his Reward, and the Judge ſat upon the Bench for ſeveral Years after.

Reaſon's quite loſt, where Melancholy rules,
The wiſeſt Men, we ſee, ſometimes are Fools.

POEMS

POEMS on ſeveral Occaſions.

To the Dutcheſs of B——n, *on her remaining in the Country this Winter.* By Dr. *Garth.*

CEaſe Rural Conqueſts, and ſet free your Swains;
To Druids leave the Groves, to Nymphs the Plains,
In Penſive Dales alone let Eccho dwell,
And each ſad Sigh ſhe hears with Sorrow tell;
Haſte, let your Eyes at * *Kent*'s Pavillion ſhine,
It wants but Stars, and then the Work's divine.
Of late, Fame only tell of yielding Towns,
Of raptive Generals, and protected Crowns:
Of purchas'd Laurels, and of Battles won,
Lines forc'd, Stars varquiſh'd, Provinces o'er-run,
And all *Al de*'s Labours ſum'd in one.
The Brave muſt to the Fair now yield the Prize,
And *Engliſh* Arms ſubmit to *Engliſh* Eyes:
In which bright Liſt among the firſt you ſtand,
Tho' each a Goddeſs, or a *Sunderland.*

* *A Gallery the E.* Kent *hath built at St.* James's.

To Mr. S——. *By Mr.* A——.

WHilſt crowding Folks with ſtrange ill Faces
Were making Legs, and begging Places,
And ſome with Patent, ſome with Merit,
Tir'd out my good Lord ——'s Spirit.
Sneaking I ſtood amongſt the Crew,
Deſiring much to ſpeak with you.
I waited till the Clock ſtruck thrice,
And Footmen brought up forty Lies:
But Patience vex'd, and Legs grown weary,
I found it was in vain to tarry;
And did opine it might be better,
By Penny-Poſt to ſend a Letter,

Now

Now if you miſs of this Epiſtle,
I'm baulk'd again, and may go whiſtle.
My Buſineſs Sir, you'll quickly gueſs,
Is to deſire ſome little Place:
And fair Preterſions I have for't.
Much Want, and very ſmall Deſert.
I ne'er writ to you but I wanted,
I've always begg'd, you've always granted.
To my old Cuſtom ſtill I'm true,
For God's Sake don't you get a new,
But as you took me up when little,
Gave me my Learning and my Victual;
And ſtill equipp'd me with Things fitting,
Kind as I'd been your own begetting:
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at Six or Sever,
As S———— has left Mount S————n,
No Family that takes a Whelp,
When firſt it laps, and ſcarce can yelp,
Neglects, or turns it out of Gate,
When once 'tis grown to Dog's Eſtate:
Nor Pariſh, if they once adopt
The helpleſs Barns by Strolers dropt,
Leave them when grown up luſty Fellows,
To the wide World, that is, the Gallows:
No thank them for their Love, that's worſe
Than if they'd throttl'd them at Nurſe.
* My Uncle, reſt his Soul, when living,
Might have contriv'd my means of Thriving;
Taught me with Cyder to repleniſh
My Fats, as ebbing Tides with Rheniſh;
And when for Hock I drew prick'd White-Wine,
Swear't had the Flower, and that 'twas Right-wine,
Or put me with Seven Pounds to Furneval's-Inn, to ſome good Rogue Attorney.

* a *Vintner.*

Where

Where then by forging Deeds, and Cheating,
I had ſome handſome Way of getting.
You made me leave all this to follow
The ſneaking Whey-fac'd God, *Apollo.*
Or Folks I'd never ſeen or knew,
Calliope. and God knows who;
To add no more Invectives to it,
You've ſpoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.
In common Juſtice, Sir, ſure no Man
E'er makes a Whore, but keeps the Woman.
And amongſt all honeſt Chriſtian People,
Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.
The Sum of all I have to ſay,
Is that you'd put me in ſome Way,
And your Petitioner ſhall ever pray.
There's ſomething more I had almoſt ſlipt,
But that will do as well in *Poſtſcript.*
My Friend C—— *M*——'s preferr'd,
Nor would i have it long obſerv'd,
That one Mouſe feaſts, and t'other's ſtarv'd.

The Engliſh Padlock. By Mr *P*——*r.*

THE lovely Dame, when fair and young,
As *Horace* has divinely ſung,
Could not be kept from *Jove*'s Embrace
By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Braſs,
The Reaſon of the Thing is clear,
Would *Jove* the naked Truth aver;
Cupid was with him of the Party,
And acted vigorous and hearty.
For give that Wipſter but his Ertand,
He takes with Lord Chief Juſtice Warrant;
Dauntleſs as Death, away he walks,
Breaks the Doors open, ſnaps the Locks,
Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study,
Nor ſtops 'till he has Culprit's Body.

By

Since this has been Authentick Truth:
By Age delivered down to Youth;
Tell us, miſtaken Husband, tell us,
Why ſo myſterious? Why ſo jealous?
Does thy Reſtraint, the Bolt, the Bar,
Make us leſs Owners, ſhe leſs fair?
The Spy, who does the Fair-One keep,
Does ſhe ne'er ſay her Prayers, nor ſleep?
Does ſhe to no Exceſs incline?
Does ſhe fly Muſick, Mirth and Wine?
Or have not Gold, and Flatt'ry, the Power,
To purchaſe one unguarded Hour?
Your Care does further yet extend,
That Spy is guarded by your Friend:
But has that Friend no Eye nor Heart?
May he not feel the cruel Dart?
Which ſoon or late all Mortals feel:
May he not with too tender Zeal,
Give the fair Priſoner Cauſe to ſee
How much ſhe wiſhes ſhe were free?
May he not craftily infer
The Rules of Friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain him to a hated Truſt,
Which makes him wretched to be Juſt?
And may not ſhe, this Darling ſhe,
Youthful and healthy, fleſh and Blood,
Eaſy by him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this Logick to be good?
SIR, Will your Queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither Spy nor Friend;
In ſhort I keep her from the Sight
Of every Human Face ——— She'll write.
From Pen and Paper ſhe's debarr'd.
Has ſhe a Bodkin and a Card,
She'll prick her Mind. ——— She will you ſay;
But how ſhall ſhe that Mind convey;

I lock

I lock her faſt, I keep the Key;
The Key —— hole —— Fool, take that away.
Dear angry Friend, what may be done,
Is there no Way? There is but one.
Send her abroad, and let her ſee
That all this mangled Maſs, which ſhe,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
Powder and Pocket-Glaſs, a Beau.
A Steeple of Romance and Lies,
Falſe Fears, and real Perjuries.
Where Sighs and Looks are bought and ſold,
And Love is made but to be told;
Where the fat Bawd, and laviſh Heir,
The Spoils of ruin'd Beauties ſhare;
And Youth ſeduc'd from Friends and Fame
Muſt give up Age to Want and Shame;
Let her behold the Frantick Scene,
The Women wretched, falſe the Men;
And when the certain Ill to ſhun,
She would to thy Embraces run,
Receive her with extended Arms,
Seem more delighted with her Charms:
Wait on her to Park and Play,
Put on good Humour, make her gay;
Be to her Vertues very kind,
Be to her Faults a little blind;
Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your Padlock on her Mind.

Mr. Brown's Petition to the Lords Juſtices, when he was Priſoner for writing a Lampoon on the French *King, ſoon after the Peace of* Ryſwick.

SHou'd you order *Tom Brown*
To be whipt thro' the Town,
For ſcurvy Lampoon,
Tate, *Southern*, and *Crown*,
Their Pens will lay down;

Even

Even *Durfey* himſelf, and thoſe merry Fellows,
Who put all their Truſt in Tunes and Twangdillows,
Muſt hang up themſelves, and their Harps on the (Willows;
For if Poees are puniſh'd for libelling Traſh,
Jack Dryden at Fifty may yet fear the Laſh:
No Penſion no Praiſe,
All Birch, and no Bays,
Theſe are not right Ways
Our Fancies to raiſe
To the making of Plays;
Or Prologues ſo witty,
That jerk at the City;
And now and then hit
Some Friend in the Pit,
So hard and ſo pat,
That he hides with his Hat
His monſtrous Cravat.
The Pulpits alone
Can never preach down
The Fops of this Town,
Then pardon *Tom Brown*,
And let him write on;
Or, if you are willing to convert the poor Sinner,
His foul railing Mouth you may ſtop with a Dinner.
Give him new Cloaths, ſome Meat, and much Drink,
Then keep him cloſe Priſoner without Pen and Ink.
And your Petitioner ſhall ever pray, &c.

The Whim; *Dedicated to the two Puppit Kings*, &c.

Midſt pretty Things, and quaint Device,
Of tiny Children, when void of Vice;
When Soul, that Particle Divine,
Does but like Farthing Candle ſhine;
While Maid does hold the ſilly Taper,
Enwrap'd in Lanthorn made of Paper;
Which to but juſt Diſcernment brings,
Nor ſhews the Difference of Things.

So

So glimmers the young dawning Soul,
Of Nature's pretty little Fool
Therefore, as Caſſocks ſay, 'Tis thought,
Whate'er it does can be no Fault.
I ſay, midſt Pleaſantries of Child,
Little Machines, and Actions wild.
Of Cards I've ſeen the Bauble take
A ſuperannuated Pack:
The Diamond's ſully'd, and the Spade,
By frequent Uſe, now dirty made;
And only fit to entertain,
Pretty Conceits of Infant Brain,
Which ſcarce as yet within the Skull,
Is grown to half a Saucer full.
When Card by Card the Oaf does take,
Father, look here, what I can make.
And then to work he ſtrait does fall,
To frame ſome ſmall Eſcurial,
Some *Minor Pauls*, or tiny *Coleſs*;
(But Oh, the diſmal Fate that follows!)
Firſt then he for Foundation lays
A Row of Kings, a Royal Race:
By them the Sex that's fair and tender,
Their Spouſes of the Fem'nine Gender;
The Queen of Hearts the brighteſt ſhone;
And now the Edifice goes on.
The Mob with Clubs and Spades are laid,
Thoſe dy'd the other into Red,
But higheſt of all a Pack of Knaves,
The Babe too naturally heaves;
Juſt as in Fortune's Scales we ſee
Rogues mounted to Supremacy;
There many Pams win all, each takes
The Coin, and ſweeps away the Stakes.
Well, now the Structure riſes, and
In gay Sublimity does ſtand,
Emblem of Artificial Hand,

But

But ah, the Fate! when juſt at Roof,
Behind comes a malicious Puff,
And down the Gugaw Piles do fall,
As future *Pauls* e'er Doom's-day ſhall.
E'en ſo with ſmall Things great compare,
Lewis the Proud is nought but Air;
With thoſe that form'd his Grand Deſign,
So cloſe, ſo exquiſitely fine;
Richelieu the Leader, *Mazarine*,
Louvois, and *Croſty*, and *Forbine*;
None with the niceſt Subtilty,
Could ought that was miſled, deſcry,
Yet all their mighty Projects die.
'Twas though a fine, yet airy Web,
The Torrent now begins to ebb:
And now the *Louvre* and *Verſailles*,
Th' Eſcurial too, that *Spaniſh Pauls*,
Shake at great *Eugene*'s Name and Sword,
Who's ſending them another Lord,
And's like to puff the Babel down,
The little Boy that wears the Crown,
With Grand Papa wou'd fain aſpire
High as the *German* Bird, and higher;
For ſee the *Spaniſh* Phaeton,
That dwells i'th' Regions of the Sun,
Has got his Leave of *Gallick* Sire
To go and ſet the World on Fire.
Well, drive on, Coachman and take care,
To ſet down, not bring back your Fare.
The Don Monſieur, the *Spaniſh* Beau,
When he comes near the fatal *Po*,
May curſe old Daddy's *Allez Vous*.

A Prologue deſigned for Tamerlane. Written by Dr. G———.

TO Day a mighty Hero comes to warm
Your curdling Blood, and bid you *Britains* arm.
To

To Valour much he owes, to Vertue more.
He fights to ſave, and conquers to reſtore;
He ſtrains no Text, nor makes Dragoons perſwade,
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade;
Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live,
Their Proſperity, is his Prerogative.
His Sword deſtroys leſs than his Mercy ſaves,
And none, except his Paſſions, are his Slaves.
Such, *Britains*, is the Prince that you poſſeſs,
In Council greateſt, and in Camp no leſs,
Brave, but not cruel, wiſe without Deceit,
Born for an Age, cur'd with a Bajazet;
But you diſdaining for to be ſecure,
Ask his Protection, and yet grutch his Power.
With you a Monarch's Right is in diſpute,
Who gives Supplies are only abſolute.

The Play-Houſe. A Satyr.

NEar to the *Roſe*, where Punks in Number flock
To pick up Cullies to increaſe their Stock;
A lofty Fabrick does the Sight invade,
And ſtretches round the Place a pompous Shade:
Where ſudden Shouts the Neighbourhood ſurprize,
And thund'ring Claps and dreadful Hiſſings riſe.
Here thrifty R—— hires Monarchs by the Day,
And keeps his mercenary Kings in Pay;
With deep-mouth'd Actors fill their vacant Scenes,
And drains the Town for Goddeſſes and Queens.
Here the lewd Punk with Crowns & Scepters grac'd
Teaches her Eyes a more majeſtick Caſt;
And hungry Monarchs with a numerous Train
Of ſuppliant Knaves, like *Sancho*, ſtarve and reign.
But enter in my Muſe, the Stage ſurvey,
And all its Pomp and Pageantry diſplay,
Trap-doors and Pit-falls from th' unfaithful Ground,
And Magick Walls encompaſs it around:

On

On either ſide maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,
And intermix'd with Brothel-Houſes lies.
Diſjointed Palaces in Order ſtand,
And Groves obedient to the Mover's Hand,
O'er-ſhade the Stage, and flouriſh at Command,
A Stamp makes broken Towns and Trees entire.
So when *Amphion* ſtruck the vocal Lire,
He ſaw the ſpacious Circuit all around,
With crowding Woods, and neighbouring Cities crown'd.

But next the Tiring-Room ſurvey, and ſee
Falſe Titles, and promiſcuous Quality,
Confus'dly ſwarm from Heroes and from Queens,
To thoſe that ſwing in Clouds, and fill Machines:
The various Characters they chuſe with Art,
The frowning Bully fits the Tyrant's Part.
Swoln Cheeks, and ſwaggering Belly, make a Hoſt;
Pale meagre Look, and hollow Voice, a Ghoſt.
From careful Brows, and heavy down-caſt Eyes,
Dull Cit, and thick-ſkull'd Aldermen ariſe.
The Comick Tone, inſpir'd by F —— r, draws
At ev'ry Word, loud Laughter and Applauſe.
The mincing Dame continues as before,
Her Character's unchang'd, and acts a Whore.

Above the reſt, the Prince with mighty Stalks,
Magnificent in purple Buskins walks;
The Royal Robes his haughty Shoulders grace,
Profuſe of Spangles and of Copper-Lace.
Officious Raſcals to his mighty Thigh,
Guiltleſs of Blood, th' unpointed Weapon tie.
Then the gay glitt'ring Diadem put on.
Pondrous with Braſs, and ſear'd with *Briſtol* Stone.
His Royal Conſort next conſults her Place,
And out of twenty Boxes culls her Face:
The Whit'ning firſt her Ghaſtly Looks beſmears,
All pale and wan, the unfiniſh'd Form appears;

Till

Till on her Cheeks the blushing Purple glows,
And a false Virgin Modesty bestows.
Her ruddy Lips the deep Vermilion dyes,
Length to her Brows the Pencil's Touch supplies,
And with black bending Arches shades her Eyes.
Well-pleas'd, at length the Picture she beholds,
And spots it over with artificial Molds.
Her Countenance compleat, the Beaux she warms,
With Looks not her's, and spite of Nature, charms.
Thus artfully their Persons they disguise,
Till Fidlers Flourish bids the Curtain rise;
The Prince then enters on the Stage in State;
Behind, a Guard of Candle-snuffers wait;
There swoln with Empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the Dome, and tears his Lungs with Verse;
His Subjects tremble, and th' submissive Pit
Wrapt up in Silence and Attention sit,
Till freed at length, he lays aside the Weight
Of publick Business, and Affairs of State:
Forgets his Pomp, dead to ambitious Fires,
And to some peaceful Brandy-Shop retires,
Where in full Gills his anxious Thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the Care that waits on Crowns.
The Princess next her painted Charms displays,
Where every Look the Pencil's Art betrays:
The callow Squire at Distance feeds his Eyes,
And silently for Paint and Patches dies.
But should the Youth behind the Scenes retreat,
He'd see the blended Colours melt with Heat,
And all the trickling Beauty run in Sweat.
The borrowed Visage he admires no more,
And nauseates every Charm he lov'd before.
So the same Spear, for double Force renown'd,
Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.
In tedious Lists 'twere endless to engage,
And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage:

Were

Where one for twenty Years has given Alarms,
And call'd contending Monarchs to their Arms:
Another fills a more important Poſt,
And riſes every other Night a Ghoſt;
Thro' the cliſt Stage his meagre Face he rears,
Then ſtalks along, groans thrice, and diſappears.
Others with Sword and Shield, the Soldier's Pride
More than a thouſand times have chang'd their ſide
And in a thouſand fatal Battles dy'd.
Thus ſeveral Perſons ſeveral Parts perform,
Pale Lovers whine, and bluſt'ring Heroes ſtorm,
The ſtern, exaſperated Tyrants rage,
'Till the kind Bowl of Poiſon clears the Stage;
Then Honours vanquiſh, and Diſtinctions ceaſe,
And with Reluctance haughty Queens undreſs:
Heroes no more their fading Lawrels boaſt.
And mighty Kings in private Men are loſt:
He who ſuch Titles ſwell'd, ſuch Powers made proud,
To whom all Realms, and vanquiſh'd Nations bow'd,
Throws off the gawdy Plumes, the purple Train,
And is in *Statu quo* himſelf again

A Prologue: Spoken by Mr. P---n, *ſuppoſed to be preſs'd and haul'd in before the Curtain by a Couple of Preſs-Conſtables*

WELL, Maſter Conſtable, I muſt, you ſay,
Go kill *French* Cowards for a Groat a Day;
But why ſuch rugged Violence as this?
D'ye break Mens Noddles to preſerve the Peace?
Truly, rough Sirs, I cannot think 'tis fair.
To turn pacifick Staves to Clubs of War:
'Tis truly you have made me by Experience know,
Power, when provok'd, can give a deadly Blow.
I'm preſs'd, you ſay, but I believe oppreſs'd
Yet Wrongs like theſe are hard to be redreſs'd;
And the firſt ſpeedy End proves always beſt,

The

The readieſt Way's to bribe off my Reſtraint,
Here, Gentlemen, I know what it is you want.
The Conſtable takes the Money, and goes off.

Your Servants, Sirs, by this the World may ſee,
How ſcoundrel Knaves abuſe Authority,
Choſe into Power from Garrets, Bulks and Stalls,
Advanc'd to Staves from Thimbles and from Awls,
From vamping Shooes, and mending knitty Jackets,
To cheat the Crown, and pick the Subjects Pockets.
The Weak they haul to Arms becauſe they're poor,
Unfit by Nature for the Toils of War;
But quit for Bribes the Hardy and the Strong,
Protect themſelves, and do their Betters wrong;
Surprize the Fearful, ſqueeze them till they bleed,
And when their Palm is daub'd, the Vagrant's freed,
Whilſt more induſtrious Men ſupply their Room,
Whoſe Hands would prove more uſeful here at home.
Thus by ill Uſage many Feuds create,
Oppreſs the People, and deceive the State:
As for my part, I am unskill'd in Jars,
And hate the Tragick Scenes of bloody Wars:
You, Gentlemen, who wait to ſee our Play,
All know my Talent lies another Way;
I am a Soldier for the Queen, adſheart,
One Clap of Train'd-Band Thunder makes me ſtart.
I'd fain be reconcil'd to Death, but can't,
The very Thoughts of fighting makes me faint.
Not but I know it is of great Renown,
To ſerve our Native Country, or the Crown:
Beſides, with rural Damſels, I confeſs,
A ſcarlet Coat is a moſt glorious Dreſs.
The very Colour dazzles Female Eyes,
And takes the Heart unguarded, by Surprize;
You, who with Honour wear it, often find,
It makes the baſhful Country Maid prove kind:

Who could perhaps before reſiſt Love's Pow'r,
And keep her Heart in all Attacks ſecure;
Laugh at her Lover's Sighs, deſpiſe his Tears,
But Venus muſt ſubmit when Mars appears
Faith, now I think on't, I can tell you how
The State might quickly raiſe brave Men enow;
Would they but find ſome gentle means to preſs
Thoſe charming Ladies, who our Audience grace;
Should ſuch bright Stars in the next Campaign ap-
(pear,
You generous Gentlemen aſſembled here,
Would need no Preſs, but all run Volunteer.
Such beauteous Troops new Wonders would af-
(ford,
And vanquiſh with their Charms beyond their Sword.
You only, (Ladies) ſo divinely bright,
Who wound with Mercy, conquer with Delight,
Can the vaſt Glories won at Hockſtedt blaſt,
More Captive take, ſubdue with greater Haſte,
And with your Eyes gain mightier Vict'ries than
(our laſt.

Enjoyment the End of Love.

NO, no, 'tis not Love, you may talk 'till Doom's-
(day,
If you tell me it's more than meer Satisfaction,
I'll never believe a Tittle you ſay,
Tho' Baxter and Oats were the Heads of your
(Faction.
The Poets were therefore a Number of Owls,
To make ſuch a Stir with a Baby-fac'd God;
'Tis only Priapus that ſcares the wild Fowls,
That rules with a far more Scepter-like Rod.
'Tis true, he may ſometimes be ſhrewdly put to't;
But the Bow and the Arrow are ſurely his Due;
Only thus, when his Arrows are ready to ſhoot,
They make the more pleaſing Wound of the two.
'Twas

'Twas he that was the Father of all the Graces,
For he's the Beginning and End of our Wooing;
Your Smiles and your Glances, and wanton Grimaces,
They all too but end in Handling and Doing.
When a Man to a Woman comes creeping and cringing,
And spends his Raptures on her Nose and her Eyes,
'Tis Priapus inspires the talkative Engine,
And all for the Sake of her Lilly-white Thighs:
Hence they that in Face find Coral and Rubies,
Pearls, Diamonds & Gold, more bright than the Sun,
Notwithstanding all this, these Poetical Boobies,
Despise all that Pleasure, if further she's none.
Your Oaths, Protestations, and Vows to the Dame
Ask Solon, Lycurgus, both learned and smart;
They'll tell you the Place from whence they all came
Is half a Yard almost below the Heart.
There's nothing but Vertue the Object of Love,
Not Beauty, nor Colour, Love minds in the least,
They're only the Objects of Pleasure, by Jove;
Where the Altars desire, Priapus High-Priest.
Now if she be rich, 'tis the Portion you'd have;
Or a Coach and fine Cloaths her Love to encourage:
But alas! if either do either deceive,
Love presently cools like a Mess of Peas-pottage.
Then if this be your Love, the Devil take Love,
When Self-satisfaction is all the Design;
But let me love that which all Men approve,
An Angel in Purse, and a Glass of good Wine.

The poor Layman's Resolution in difficult Times.

ALL in Amaze at what is past, I stood
Doubting within myself, what's bad, what's good,
Surpriz'd at this so strange and sudden Turn,
At which such Numbers joy'd, so few did mourn:
Where am I now? thought I, What have I past
So long in Truth's plain path, and now at last,

After a Race of Fifty Years and more,
Doubt that ſame Truth that good Men own'd before,
Away, away ——————

That Lawful Kings God's own anointed are,
And have from him thoſe Royal Crowns they wear,
From him their Sceptre, and from him their Sword,
Are Truths diſpers'd throughout the ſacred Word.
That calls them Gods, and bids us them obey,
And all due Rev'rence to their Perſons pay,
That bids us not reſiſt, and if we do,
Declares we break thoſe Laws we ſhould purſue;
If Kings command what's ill we muſt in ſhort,
Not do't, becauſe 'tis ill, but ſuffer for't.

Now tell me, learned Guides, if this been't true,
And if it be, what will become of you?
Your Reverend Clergy, who hath heretofore
With the ſame Doctrines made your Pulpits roar,
And boldly to the World in Print made known,
That 'tis the Scripture's Senſe, as 'twas your own,
Your own, 'till that ſurprizing Turn of State
Happen'd ſo much to England's Joy of late.
Your own, till that new Trial came, and then,
Though call'd Divines, you ſhew'd yourſelves but (Men;
When you like Truth's bold Champions ſhould have (ſtood,
And to the laſt thoſe ſacred Truths purſu'd;
How tamely you the Holy Cauſe forſook,
And taught new Doctrines from the ſelf-ſame Book.
Good God! What Fears, what Thirſt of Wealth (will do?
Even among ſuch Holy Men as you.

Poor me! What ſhall I do? What ſhall I ſay?
Where ſhall I go, when theſe our Guides thus ſtray?

But Heaven be prais'd, they are not tainted all,
Some yet remain that have not bow'd to Baal,
Whoſe Praiſes for a Muſe more lofty call,
But let thhm ſtray that will, I'll keep the Road,
And tread the Steps our late Foreſathers trod;
I'll fear my God, honour my Queen or King,
And meddle not with thoſe that Changes bring.
Fix'd on a Rock, I'm ſure I firmly ſtand,
Let Storms now rage by Sea, or War by Land.
Here then I'll fix, here ſhall my Centre be,
And let the World turn which Way 'twill for me,
Lord, keep me, for I wholly truſt in thee.

On the melting down the Plate: Or, The Silver Piſs-Pots Farewel.

MAids need no more their ſilver Piſs-pots ſcowr,
They now muſt jog like Traytors to the Tower,
A quick Diſpatch, no ſooner are they come,
But every Veſſel there receives its Doom;
Condemn'd by Law to take this fiery Trial,
A Sentence that admits of no Denial.
Preſumptuous Piſs-pot, how didſt thou offend?
Compelling Females to their Haunches bend;
To Kings and Queens we humbly bow the Knee,
But Queens themſelves are forc'd to bend to thee.
Make the Maids cringe, and with a ſtraining Face,
They ceaſe their Griefs by opening their Caſe:
In Time of Need they do thy Help implore,
And oft to eaſe their Ailments make thee roar.
Under their Beds, till now, thou haſt been conceal'd,
And ne'er but on Neceſſity reveal'd.
When over-charg'd, and in Extremity,
Their deareſt Secrets they diſcloſe to thee.
Long like a Priſoner haſt thou been confin'd,
But Liberty for thee is now deſign'd,

Thou whom ſo many Beauties have enjoy'd,
Now, in another Uſe muſt be employ'd:
Be handed with Delight about each Day,
And occupied a far more decent Way.
But crafty Workmen muſt thee firſt refine,
And purge thee from the Sodder and the Brine.
When thou'rt transform'd into another Shape,
'Twill make the World rejoice at thy Eſcape.
Who from the Mint in Triumph ſhall be ſent,
New coin'd and mill'd to every Hearts Content.
Welcome to all then proud of thy new Vamp,
Bearing the Paſs-port of the Royal Stamp.
You'll paſs as current, pleaſant, and as free,
As that which has ſo oft paſs'd into thee.

The Piſs-pot Coin'd.

SInce Piſs-pot, I to Coin am run,
I ſhall no more be piſs'd upon;
For he is of Republick Race,
That dares to piſs in Monarch's Face.
And on the other ſide, 'tis worſe,
The ſacred Croſs is my Reverſe!
The Jacobite can't do me Wrong,
He han't a Croſs to piſs upon.
And if theſe Times continue ſtill,
The L——d above knows when he will.

A Satyr againſt Brandy.

FArewel damn'd Stygian Juice, that doth bewitch
From the Court-Bawd, down to the Common-(Bitch;
Thou liquid Flame, by which each fiery Face
Lives without Meat, and bluſhes without Grace:
Sink to thy Native Hell, to mend the Fire;
Or, if it pleaſe thee to aſcend yet higher.
Go to that dull lewd Clime from whence you came,
Where Wit and Courage do require your Flame,

Wher

Where they carouſe in your Veſuvian Bowls,
To dry the Quagmire of their ſpungy Souls.
Had Dives for this ſcorching Liquor cry'd,
Abraham in Mercy had his Suit deny'd.
Had Bonner known the Force, the Martyr's Blood
Had ſiſt in thee, and ſav'd the Nation's Wood.
Eſſence of Embers, Scum of melting Flint,
With all their Nature Sparkles floating in't.
Sure the black Chymiſt with his Cloven Foot,
All Ætna's Simples in one Limbeck put,
And double-ſtill'd, nay, quinteſſenc'd thy Juice,
To Charcoal Mortals, for his future Uſe.
Fire-ſhip of Nature, that doth doubly wound,
For they that grapple thee, are burnt or drown'd;
God's paſt and future Anger breaths in you
A Deluge, and a Conflagration too.
View yonder Sot, I don't mean Sheriff Shute,
Griſled all o'er by thee from Head to Foot;
His greaſy Eye-lids ſhor'd above their Pitch;
His Face with Carbuncles and Rubies rich;
His Skull, inſtead of Brains, ſupply'd with Cinder;
His Noſe turns all his Handkerchiefs to Tinder;
His Stomach don't contect, but bake his Food;
His Liver ever vitrifies his Blood;
His Guts from Nature's Drudgery are freed,
And in his Bowels Salamanders breed;
His trembling Hand ſcarce heaves the Liquor in;
His Nerves all crackle under his Parchment Skin;
The moving Glaſs-houſe lightens with his Eyes,
Singes his Cloaths, and all his Marrow fries;
Glows for a while, and then in Aſhes dies.

But ſtay, leſt I the Saints dire Anger meri:
By ſtriking their Auxiliary Spirit;
I am inform'd, whate'er we Wicked think,
Thou'rt reform'd, and turn'd a godly Drink:

Thou'ſt left thy old bad Company of Vermin,
The ſwearing Chairmen, and the drunken Carmen;
The foul-mouth'd Drivers of the Hackney Coaches,
And now tak'ſt up with ſage diſcreet Debauches.
Thou freely drop'ſt upon Gold Chains, and Fur,
And Sots of Quality thy Minions are;
No more ſhalt thou foment an Ale-houſe Brawl,
But the leſs ſober Riots of Guildhall;
Where by the Spirit's fallible Direction,
We Reprobates once poll'd at an Election.
If this Trade hold, What ſhall we Wicked do?
The Saint ſequeſter, even our Vices too.
But ſince the Art of Whoring's grown preciſe,
And Perjury has got demurer Eyes:
'Tis Time, high Time to circumciſe the Jill,
And not let Brandy be Philiſtine ſtill.

On a Bowl of Punch. A Poem by Capt. Ratcliff.

THE Gods and the Goddeſſes lately did feaſt
Where Ambroſia with exquiſite Sauſes was dreſt,
The Eatables did with their Qualities ſuit,
But what they ſhould drink did occaſion Diſpute:
'Twas Time that old Nectar ſhould grow out of Faſhion,
For that they drank long before the Creation.
When the Sky-colour'd Cloth was remov'd from the Board,
For the Chriſtaline Bowl great Jove gave the Word,
This Bowl was of large and moſt Heavenly Size,
In which they did uſe Infant Gods to baptize.
Quoth Jove, We're inform'd they drink Punch upon Earth,
By which mortal Wights quite undo us in Mirth:
Therefore our wiſe Godheads together let's lay,
And endeavour to make it much ſtronger than they.
Twas ſpoke like a God--- Fill the Bowl to the Top,
He's caſhier'd from the Sky, that ſhall leave but a Drop.

Apollo

Apollo diſpatched one of his Laſſes,
A Pitcher to fill at the Well of Parnaſſus;
To Poets new born, this Liquor is brought,
And this they ſuck in for their firſt Morning's
(Draught.

Juno for Limons ſent into her Cloſet,
Which when ſhe was ſick ſhe infus'd into Poſſet:
For Goddeſſes may be as ſqeamiſh as Gipſies,
The Sun and the Moon we find have their Eclipſes;
The Limons were call'd the Heſperian Fruit,
When vigilant Dragon was ſet to look to 't.
Three Dozen of thoſe were well ſqueez'd into Water,
The reſt o'th' Ingredients in order came after.

Venus the Admirer of Things that are ſweet
Without whoſe Infuſion there had been no Treat,
Commanded her Sugar-Loaves white as her Doves,
Supported to the Table by a Pair of young Loves,
So wonderful curious theſe Deities were,
The Sugar ſhe ſtrain'd thro' a Sieve of fine Hair.

Bacchus gave Notice by dangling his Bunch,
Without his Aſſiſtante there could be no Punch;
What he meant by the Signal was very well known
So they threw in two Gallons of truſty Langoon.

Mars a blunt God, tho' the chief of the Biskers,
Was ſeated at Table, ſtill twirling his Whiskers;
Quoth he, Fellow Gods, and Cœleſtial Gallants,
I'd not give a Fart for your Punch without Nantz.
Therefore, my Boy Ganymede, I do command ye
To throw in at leaſt two Gallons of Brandy.

Saturn, who of all the Gods was the oldeſt,
And we may imagine his Stomach was coldeſt;
He out of his Pouch did three Nutmegs produce,
Which when they were grated were put to the Juice.

Neptune this Ocean of Liquor did crown,
With a Sea-Biſket bak'd very hard in the Sun.

The Bowl being finiſh'd, a Health was began,
Quoth Jove, let it be to our Creature, call'd Man:
'Tis to him alone that theſe Pleaſures we owe,
For Heaven was never true Heaven till now.

Written by a French Proteſtant, *upon the Trophies marching thro' the City.*

'TIS a very fine Sight, I myſelf will allow it,
And am heartily glad I'm alive here to view it:
And what are become of thoſe brave Men of Might,
Who ſupported theſe Standards and Colours in Fight?
Why truly, ſay you, they are moſt to be found,
Gone to ſleep on the cold Bed of Honour, the Ground.
E'en there let them lie undiſturb'd in their Slumber,
I am very well pleas'd I am none of their Number.
'Tis true, for their King and their Countrymens Good
Their Colours, we ſee, they have ſtain'd with their
(Blood:
Yet I am not vex'd there is none of mine there,
'Cauſe I never could find I had any to ſpare.
To part with my Blood, is to part with my Life,
I had rather by half loſe my Children and Wife:
For he's the moſt prudent that always takes Pains
To preſerve it within its own Channels, the Veins.
That old Engliſh Proverb I wiſely rely on,
A living Dog's better than any dead Lyon.
For when a Man's kill'd to his Country he's loſt,
And ſignifies then not ſo much as a Poſt;
Then who that has Brains would appear ſuch a Sot,
As to have them knock'd out for he does not know
(what?
'Tis true, when we're gone, it perhaps may be ſaid,
We were brave, but that's nothing to him that is
(dead.

I bleſs my kink Stars I am poſted ſo ſafe,
That whilſt all Countries fight, I can work on and (laugh.
From the Tyrant of France we remain here ſecure,
And England wont truſt us in Arms to be ſure.
Therefore I in Quiet can reſt in my Bed,
Whilſt the Subjects of France do in Numbers lie (dead,
And the Engliſh are haul'd to be knock'd on the (Head.

Upon a Mercenary Lawyer. A Poem

A Cunning Lawyer that hath Wit at Will,
Can make a bad Cauſe good, and a good one ill.
The Golden Fee alone is his Delight,
'Tis that which tempts him to oppoſe the Right,
And with learn'd Arguments the Wrong embrace,
To give an unjuſt Cauſe a righteous Face.
Juſtice he baffles by his powerful Senſe,
And gains upon the Bench by Eloquence.
Confounds the Court by ſome myſterious Querk,
And leaves both Judge and Jury in the Dark;
Juſtice he ſtaggers, and can prove by Law,
That undiſputed Right that has no Flaw,
Without Poſſeſſion, is not worth a Straw.
As Times do change, ſo alſo do our Laws
And what was good may prove an unjuſt Cauſe.

For Inſtance.

Should ſome bold Rebel over-turn the State,
To raiſe himſelf into the Royal Seat;
And Treaſon proſper, as in Cromwell's Caſe,
All Things in Courſe ſhould have another Face.
Should Hobb's Principles of Power and Might,
Be allow'd a ſtanding Rule for Legal Right,
Then Law and Goſpel we may bid Good-night.

Who

When Nature is revers'd, and in a Word,
All Truths are measur'd by the longest Sword,
Jure Divino is not worth a T——d.
Cook's charging Charles the First with trayt'rous (Crimes,
Was in Compliance to those pious Times,
'Twas for my Fee, said he, why try'd for Treason,
That made me plead against both Law and Reason,
He only as a Council in the Cause,
Did for his Client strive to strain the Laws.
Tho'Princes and People of three Kingdoms bleed,
What is't to us how Matters do succeed?
Gold is our God, and for ovn God we plead.
Great is Diana, chaste, and all divine,
Demetrius cry'd, that made the Golden Shrine,
By that he got his Wealth, and it is plain.
Those Gods are most ador'd that bring most Gain.
Wealth's the World's Idol, to it all Men bow,
And if we gain it, 'tis no Matter how.
Should an Act pass to cancel all our Creed,
What sable Crowds for such a Law would plead,
Provided in the Case we were well fee'd.
For Right and Wrong are always understood,
To be or not to be for publick Good;
He never yet was wrong that did prevail,
And none was ever right that chanc'd to fail;
For 'tis a Rule in Law, That Power and Might,
Are the best Judge of Wrong and Right;
For they can crush Mankind into Obedience,
And quite transfer our Faith and true Allegiance,
The Priest's Tythe-Pig, with what we call a Fee,
Is much the same, so they as well as we
With this Eternal Maxim do agree.
When Kings and Things are chang'd by Providence,
Now Law is binding in the Scripture Sense,
But Subjects may with sacred Oaths dispense.

So

So ſays a Caſuiſtical Divine;
And in that Iſſue by Conſent we join;
Let who will get or loſe, ſo we are paid,
For both Profeſſions are become a Trade.
And him we follow moſt, and moſt believe,
That has the greateſt Cunning to deceive.
Therefore ſince Lawyers plead, and Parſons cant,
On any Side that beſt ſupplies their Want.
I'd have the greedy World think wiſely of it,
And always hug the Cauſe that brings moſt Profit.

Epigrams and *Whims.*

A Propheſie Written by a certain Knight.

WHen Lukesbury Muſtard ſhall travel abroad,
And die in a Land without Magpy or Toad;
And the Sauce of the Veal, joining three to a Lyon,
Shall devour a Fiſh, the Pig-nag of Arion.
The Lillies ſhall try to ſwim over the Ferry,
Where they ſhall be met with, and drown'd by a (Cherry.
The Children of France, with Famine oppreſt,
Will rejoice at a Cruſt, as a Man at a Feaſt.

The Anſwer. Suppos'd to be writ by Mr. D——n.

WHen the laſt of all Knights is the firſt of all (Knaves,
And the beſt of all Pimps is the worſt of all Braves;
When a Coward is Dubb'd for not Fighting but (*Feeding*;
And a Lubberly Brute is preferr'd for his Breeding,
When a Medal and a Chain is beſtow'd on a Hog,
Who deſerves more a Rope than ever did Dog;
When Propheſies are coin'd by a drunken Buffoon,
Whoſe chief Talent lies in a harmleſs Lampoon;

When

When a black Rod is given to a bold brazen Face,
What Beaſt may not hope at White-Hall for a (Place?
Then England beware of the Conduct of France,
Leſt her Dauphin ſhould lead the Lyon a Dance,
And her Children ſhall laugh that her Breaſt is ſo (full,
Whilſt thy proud Navy-Royal lies ſucking a Bull.

On Captain P------r's *Evidence.*

WHen Heaven to ſhew us Mercy was inclin'd,
Judas betray'd the Saviour of Mankind,
So P----r, by a pious Treachery,
Preſerv'd his King and ſet his Country free;
Both did but in a different Shape, trapan,
One hang'd his Maſter, th' other hang'd his Man:
If for his Fact P----r's ſo highly priz'd,
In faith we'll have Iſcariot canoniz'd.

A Lover to his fat Miſtreſs without Stays.

PRay charming Silvia, do not think you raiſe
My modeſt Paſſion by your Want of Stays;
I do not for your dangling Breaſts adore you,
That hang like new-milk'd Udders down before ye,
Or do I in thoſe flabby Sides take pride,
That do your Apron-ſtrings in Wallups hide.
You look like one from Vertue's Bonds juſt freed,
Whoſe Dreſs declares you little Courtſhip need;
If ſo, at one Requeſt, your Favours grant,
And pleaſe yourſelf with what you ſeem to want.
But if you think my jealous Eyes to pleaſe,
And would be gently conquer'd by Degrees,
Raiſe my Eſteem, and make ſpeak your Praiſe,
Pray hide the Slut, and haſten on your Stays.

The Town Lady to her young Admirer.

AWay young Fool, give all thy Flatt'ries o'er,
I'm neither Saint, nor Angel, but a Whore;
If thou'rt in Love, and wounded art with me,
I'll prove thy kind Phyſician for a Fee. If

If thou haſt any fond Deſire to do 't:
Be generous at once, and let's go to't: (Hearts:
Fine Words and Complements ne'er reach our
We're ſeldom wounded but with Golden Darts.
No Cupid's Arrows can our Breaſts annoy,
His Mother guards us from the fooliſh Boy:
Money's alone the God that makes us kind,
For that we give up all you Men can find:
For Gold we ſhew you all Love's pleaſing Crotchets,
But ſhut our Legs to thoſe that cloſe their Pockets.

Againſt Honeſty. By the late Lord R——r

NAY Honeſty's againſt all common Senſe,
Men muſt be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence.
Nor ſhall weak Truth thy Reputation ſave,
The Knaves will all conſpire to call thee Knave.
Wrong'd thou ſhalt live, ſtill injur'd and oppreſs'd,
Who durſt be leſs a Villain than the reſt.

The Curſe of a young Lady compelled by her Parents to marry an Old Man.

DAmn'd may ſhe be, nay, double damn'd, that firſt
For Int'reſt wedded Age, may ſhe be curs'd
With all the Plagues a Woman's Rage can vent,
And when we curſe I'm ſure they are well meant;
May ſhe be lewd to Exceſs, proud but yet poor,
And none ſupply her Luſt when ſhe turns Whore.
Then may ſhe pine to Death for her ill Luck,
'Cauſe Age her cannot, Youth her will not ——

Spoke by a Servant Maid in the Church, doing Penance for Defaming her Miſtreſs.

HERE do I ſtand according to Law,
Compell'd to deny what mine own Eyes ſaw,
His Breeches were down, her Belly was bare;
If he did nothing, what did he do there?

Villeroy's

Villeroy's Miſhap. To the Ladies.

BY Villeroy's Miſhap learn to be wiſe,
Ne'er think yourſelf ſecure from Night's Sur-prize:
Tho' from Ramparts you do defy the Foe,
Eugene will find an Aquaduct below.

Out of Ovid.

DOnec eris fælix multos numerabis Amicos,
Tempora ſi fuerint Nubila, ſolus eris.

Engliſh'd by the ſame Hand.

WHile Fortune keeps thee warm,
Then Friends about thee'll ſwarm,
Like Flies about a Honey-Pot,
But if on thee ſhe frown,
And caſt thee down,
Lie there and rot.

In Æliam. Mart. Ep.

SI nemini fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia dentes,
Expuit una duos tuſſis, & una duos;
Nunc ſecura potes totis tuſſire diebus,
Nil iſtic quod agat tertia tuſſis habet.

Thus Engliſh'd by T. B.

WHEN Gammer Gutton firſt I knew,
Four Teeth in all ſhe reckon'd;
A Cough unlucky whips out two,
And t'other two, a ſecond:
Courage, Old Dame, and never fear,
For if the third Cough comes,
Give me but t'other Jug of Beer,
And I'll ſecure thy Gums.

The Seaman's Love-Letter from Plymouth *to his Miſtreſs in* Wapping.

Dear Madam,

MY long Conſideration
Of the great Reputation

You

You have in this Nation,
For your good Education,
Which moves Admiration,
With another Qualification.
Which has kindled Love's Paſſion,
In ſome of high Station,
Gives me Invitation,
And a ſtrong Inclination,
Upon my Salvation,
To become your Relation,
That by honeſt Frication,
I mean Copulation,
Without Fornication,
I may give you Demonſtration,
Of the great Eſtimation
I have for the Occupation
Of your Place of Titulation,
So I give Intimation,
That I am making Preparation,
By a ſpeedy Navigation,
To a nearer Situation,
To pay you Adoration,
For the Sake of Converſation;
And if this my Declaration,
By your kind Acceptation,
Should find Approbanion,
'Twill impoſe on Obligation,
Without Diſſimulation,
From Generation to Generation,
So hoping for Conſolation
Upon the Conſummation,
Of the Work of Generation,
I am yours by Proteſtation,

John Jenkins.

A Piece of Country Woman's Poetry, ſpoke Extempore, on her cheapening a Shoulder of Mutton of one Bennet, *a* Butcher, *who asking her an extravagant Price, ſhe made the following Reply.*

INdeed Goodmann Bennet, on this Day Sennight,
I bought a Shoulder of Mutton,
Of Goodman Brown of our Town,
No better could Kniſe be put in:
I wiſh I may never ſtir from hence,
If I am about to tell you a Lye,
It coſt me no more than Fourteen-pence;
My Son may be Witneſs, for he was by.
May G———d forgive me if I think amiſs,
'Twas every whit as good as this

You'll pay for your Peeping.

HER Eyes, like Diamonds, without a Flaw,
Black, ſhining, ſparkling, ſuch as mine ne'er ſaw.
Flee, gazing Lovers, from the Danger flee,
They ſtrike, they wound, they murder all they ſeee:
No Magazine was e'er ſo full of Darts,
Enough to pierce a thouſand thouſand Hearts.

The Admiration ceas'd.

WHen I was young, and Paſſion bore the Sway,
And forc'd my weaker Reaſon to obey,
I fancy'd Joys which never could be found,
But on Parnaſſus Hills, the Poet's Ground;
Woman appear'd to me all o'er Divine,
And did with more than mortal Beauty ſhine;
Puſh'd on by Love, that youthful Vanity,
I the Adorer was, the Goddeſs ſhe.
But Time, that withers every charming Grace,
And gives to all Things a declining Face,
Has at laſt worn out the Idolatry,
Ungoddeſs'd her, and unbeſotted me.

To

To one who desired to borrow a Horse.

RIGHT Worshipful Frank,
I humbly thee thank
For thy Kindness received of late,
Ingratitude sure,
I cannot endure,
'Tis a Vice that I utterly hate;
I hear you provide
A Journey to ride,
If any would lend you a Gennet;
I protest before G——d,
Mine are all gone abroad,
And wont be at home this Sen'night;
But yet my kind Francis,
If that it so chances,
A Gennet you needs must hire,
If your Business be hasty,
I'll lend you my Masty,
To carry you out of the Mire,
He's a dainty fine Cur,
You need not him spur,
If you his Condition but knew:
For he'll prance and he'll gape,
When he carries my Ape,
Much more when he carries you.

On a Merry Lass.

SUSAN's a mettle Jade, all Air and Fire,
As merry as a Man can well desire:
She takes Delight to laugh, play, dance, or sing,
Will kiss, hug, promise, nay, do any thing.
To any Game at Cards she'll not say nay,
But laugh and lye down, is her common Play;
At Draughts or Tables she'll engage with any,
Only she's apt to bear a Man too many.

A-

At Bowls ſhe beats all Gameſters young and old,
Provided always they the Rubbers hold,
And tho' they ſtill play on ſhe'll change their Gold.

The Kiſſing Lover.

KIſſes ſix Hundred, ſweet ones too, doſt hear?
Chloe, ſix Hundred give thy only Dear;
Not ſuch as Fathers from their Daughters have,
Nor ſuch as Brothers from their Siſters crave;
But ſuch as kinder Wives their Husbands lend,
Or the fond Maid does give her deareſt Friend.
Long Kiſſes I love beſt; the ſhort retire
Too ſoon, are but juſt taſted, and expire;
Nice Lips are not much better than a Mute,
And lifeleſs Marble Statue to ſalute;
I love, ſweet Chloe, to reſtain thy Tongue,
And 'twixt my moiſter Lips detain it long;
Then ſucking, pinch it with a mighty Bite,
And like two Doves, begin a pleaſing Fight.
Struggle, yet ſtill kiſs on, renew our Joys,
And as we bill, expreſs a murm'ring Noiſe.
Kiſſes like theſe may ſweet as Nectar prove,
Or bleſs'd Ambroſia, which the Gods ſo love.
If you'll kiſs thus, and let my Hand beſide
Into your ſofter Boſom ſlide;
There ſtroke your Breaſts, I ſhall not care one Jot
For all the kind Allurements you have got,
Beneath that modeſt Veil the Petticoat.

A Curſe upon the London Vintners.

SInce they the noble Juice abuſe,
As we have cauſe to think it,
May all true Topers Wine refuſe,
And none but Rabble drink it,
Thus may they Slaves to Slaves become,
'Till they're deſpis'd among us;

And

And ſmell no ſweeter Air at home,
Then Smoak of damn'd Mundungus.
May they be be curb'd, and live in Awe,
Of Porters and of Carmen;
And drink no Wine but what they draw
Of ſuch mis-judging Vermin.
As they deſerve grant mighty Jove,
That this may be their Sentence;
May Stum their ling'ring Poiſon prove,
And bring them to Repentance.

Advice to a Jealous Husband.

POOR Jealous Fool, to thus thy Wife confine,
And make her by herſelf in private pine;
What tho' ſhe's buxom, beautiful, and young,
Her Inclinations vigorous and ſtrong;
Becauſe ſhe's handſome, muſt ſhe therefore be
A wretch'd Priſ'ner, and a Slave to thee?
Muſt ſhe from Church-Devotion be reſtrain'd?
And muſt her friendly Viſits be refrain'd?
Muſt none Admittance to her Preſence have,
But ſage old Kinſmen, Neighbours to the Grave?
Muſt ſhe to none declare her Captive State,
But ſervile Spies muſt at her Elbow wait?
Muſt all her youthful Charms be thus confin'd,
And th' injur'd Wretch not dare to ſpeak her Mind.
Fie, fie, thou'rt but a greater Slave than ſhe,
Chain'd to the Horn by thy own Jealouſy:
Tho' thy Wife's chaſte, and ne'er ſo free from Faults,
Thou'rt ſtill an odious Cuckold in thy Thoughts.
Fancy, without her Aid, cornutes thy Brows,
And to revenge the Woman's Wrongs beſtows
The very ſelf-ſame Torments, Plagues, and Stings
A luſtful Harlot on her Husband brings:
Then vex not her, nor teaze thyſelf, we ſee
The watchful Dragon could not guard the Tree,

But

But let thy Thoughts and her be unconfin'd,
And both enjoy the Freedom of the Mind:
For 'tis not all the Wit and Care thou haſt,
But her own Prudence that muſt keep her chaſte.
Vertue's the Center that muſt guard the Door,
And if that fails, ſhe'll ſurely be a Whore.

Upon Criticks.

CRiticks their Love to ancient Authors wed,
And hate all modern Poets till they're dead;
Inſtead of Meriting, they envy Praiſe.
And flog with Birch all thoſe that aim at Bays;
Wit they have ſeldom, very often none,
And cannot do, but carp at what is done:
Their muſty Rules ſo obſolete and old,
Muſt be the Touch-ſtone of our modern Gold.
Pardon me, Sirs, I cannot think it fit,
The Latin Fools ſhould judge of Engliſh Wit.

The Spendthriſt.

LOOK yonder, but behold the wretched State
Of the gay Fool that ſwagger'd ſo of late,
Who was too rich, too proud, too great, too good,
To be adviſ'd, diſputed, or withſtood:
See how his Garb, which but the other Day
Was ſo profuſely fine, ſo vainly gay,
Is into ſhameful Rents and Tatters torn,
And he himſelf become a publick Scorn:
In him we may behold th' unhappy Fate
Of thoſe made rich too ſoon, and wiſe too late.

The SOTS.

COME prithee, honeſt Jack, fill t'other Pipe,
Let us not part when juſt our Wits are ripe;
'Tis much too early to retire to Bed;
Here, Drawer, fill us t'other Quart of Red.

Home,

Home's but a melancholy Houſe of Care,
Children and Wives our great Diſturbers are.
Come fill the Glaſs, at nothing now repine,
We're only happy when we're o'er our Wine.
Sleep's but the lifeleſs Image of pale Death;
Then let us fill and drink whilſt we have Breath.
Come pull away, 'twill make us brisk and brave,
There's no ſuch charming Liquor in the Grave.

The GOSSIPS.

GOod Neighbour, how d'ye do? And do again?
I think I have not ſeen you God knows when,
I hear your Husband's gone abroad to Day,
So I look'd in, but really could not ſtay;
Pray ſee in what a Pickle I am come,
Upon my Life I left no Soul at home.
Pray, Neighbour, now you're here, ſit down a (while,
I'll tell you ſomething that will make you ſmile,
I vow you ſtartled me to hear you ſpeak,
I have not ſeen you, I believe, this Week;
Ne'er ſince we drank Geneva you know where,
When merry Mr. --- you know who, was there.
Lord, how theſe cunning Children ſtand and leer!
One can ſay nothing but theſe Brats muſt hear.
Go you to School, go Sirrah, how you ſtand,
And take your Siſter with you by the Hand.
Come, pray ſit down, don't want ſo much intreat- (ing,
Are you for Drinking, Neighbour, or for Eating?
You'll always make one ſtay, the Duce is in ye,
Well, ſince I'm thus dropt in, I'll ſpend my Penny;
Tho' when I firſt ſtepp'd in, I vow and ſwear,
I did not think to ſtay one Minute here:
But ſince there's none but your own ſelf at home,
I'm glad I did ſo opportunely come.

'Prithee,

Prithee, let's ſmoak one merry Whiff, and then
I'll march my Way—The Lord above knows when.

From a Captain in the Engliſh *Army, to a Captain in the* Iriſh *Army.*

KIngs juſt like Gods, puniſh as you deſerve,
They puniſh, by permitting us to ſtarve.

The Anſwer.

SHould Kings, like Gods, puniſh as you deſerve,
You'd all be hang'd, and not have time to ſtarve.

The various Humours of Mankind.

GIVE me a charming Laſs, Twangdillo cries,
I know no Happineſs, but Love's ſweet Joys.
Give me the Bottle, ſays the red-fac'd Sot,
Damn Whores, I'd not give Three-pence for a T---t
For Flights and Smiles the Poet raves;
The learn'd Philoſopher true Knowledge craves.
The Prieſt for a good Benefice lays wait,
The proud Man covets to be rich and great.
The Lover courts to gain the cloven Spot,
And nice Sir Courtly wants he knows not what.
The Soldier loves to conquer when he fights,
And in the Plunder of the Town delights.
The luſtful Matron ſeeks for a Gallant,
The ripe young Virgin does a Husband want:
But I, poor I, want every Thing by Turns,
Except a ſcolding Wife, and Cuckold's Horns.

A COPY *of the Aſſociation from* Topſham,
We your Majeſty's Rightful and Lawful Subjects,

OF Loyal Converſation,
Within this Corporation,
Do make Proteſtation
Of our great Inclination,
To enter into Aſſociation
Without Equivocation.

You

Or mental Reſervation;
For the happy Preſervation
Of your Majeſty's Royal Station,
And the good Church and Nation,
From Tranſubſtantiation,
And the curſed Perturbation,
Of the Jacobites Combination,
To work our Deſolation
By a horrid Aſſaſſination,
And a French Invaſion,
Whereof we of Royal Perſwaſion,
Without ſuperſtitious Innovation,
Do pray for the Extirpation
Of every Helliſh Machination;
And firmly hope for Converſation
From all Romiſh Tribulation,
With perpetual Toleration,
My unanimous Declaration,
And ſolemn Atteſtation,
Crave your Royal Approbation,
And Gracious Acceptation,
Which will be an Obligation
From Generation to Generation
Upon your faithful Congregation.

The Taylor's *Receipt to the* Mercer.

EVER ſince Cain ſlew Abel,
Or the Building of Babel,
I do hereby at large
Moſt freely diſcharge
Sherman the Mercer
By his Man the leſſer,
The Sum of Twenty Shilling,
Paid very willing,
Juſtly and truly,
The 25th of July.

Thomas Thum.

The Beginning and the End of Love.

A Pleasant Object gratifies the Eye,
Makes ev'ry Sense to make a Feast comply:
The Hopes of Pleasure captivates the Brain,
And warms the flowing Blood in ev'ry Vein.
Till by Degrees it kindles up Love's Fire,
And arms the Fancy with a strong Desire;
Makes us pursue with Eagerness and Heat,
Those visionary Joys we think so sweet,
Which when obtain'd we find a foolish Cheat.

Upon a Scold.

ETernal Fury, hold thy cursed Tongue,
So quick, so sharp, so loose, so loud, so long,
That neither Husband, Neighbour, Friend nor Foe,
Can be at Ease whene'er they hear it go
Dread Thunder is a much less frightful Noise,
Drums, Guns, and Bells are Musick to thy Voice;
The Pill'ry, which the perjur'd Villain fears,
Cannot be half so uneasy to the Ears;
Nor is the aching Head's vexatious Pain,
Half so tormenting to a fickle Brain:
Then, Lord, defend, and keep my Ears secure
From that sad Plague, which none but Death can cure.

To the Proprietor of the *Parnassus Packet*.

Parnassus, 11th of *May*, 1702.

On Poetry. A Satyr.

OVID a Story tells his Wreath to grace,
How Phœbus and young Daphne ran a Race,
The Poets fancy, the swift Maid pursu'd,
And turn'd her into Lawrel to delude,
Since with the Bays Apollo's Brow's adorn,
And are by Heroes, and by Poets worn;

Hero

Heroe and Poet, thoſe two Fogs of Men,
One's Skull's too thick, and th' other is too thin.
But leaving the Knight-Errant to his Rage,
'Tis with the other Laureat I'll engage,
That nameleſs Thing, a Poet, never made
A Monſter, like himſelf, tho' 'tis his Trade.
His Veins ſometimes in mighty Numbers ſwell,
And Love, and Hate, and War, and Battles tell.
He'll take an Age to make a Heroe be
As mad in Arms, as he's in Poetry,
Oft he in Fury does his Satyr whet,
And his Point level at the Rich and Great,
When they his Expectation do defeat.
But when with whining Verſes he writes to Philly
Nothing is ſo impertinently ſilly;
He talks of ſacred Groves and Hellicon,
And of the mighty Hills he dreams upon.
Let him talk on of Bowers, Fields and Streams,
Yet all his vaſt Poſſeſſions are but Dreams.
His Spring is Ale when he can get no Claret,
And his Parnaſſus is a loſty Garret:
Where fancy'd Flames his heaving Breaſt inſpire
Having no other but the Muſe's Fire.
He ſays that Verſe immortal Fame can give,
Whilſt the poor Madman ſcarce finds means to live:
But this is Truth too old, and when I tell it,
'Tis thus I fancy, *Cythius auſem vellet*;
Wretch that thou art, to ridicule the Flame,
Which gives to Mortals an immortal Fame;
Tell me for once, Apollo, tell me true,
What's that immortal Fame? What can it do?
Can it obtain a Lewis-d'Or, or Guinea;
For th' Fool that whines and flatters like a Ninny;

Or get a Dinner at Pontack's and Locket's
For the Spark that hath both empty Guts and (Pockets?
Can it a Bottle gain with a Souse?
Or keep a thread-bare Jacket from a Louse?
In case of Need, can it procure a Friend?
Or can it make a scornful Lady bend?
Great Sirs, you know the Wise on Money fix?
And he's the Bravest that hath Coach and six?
'Tis Gold that makes the Beau and Blockhead (witty,
Whilst starving Poets beg with jingling Ditty?
What says the Oracle to these Queries?
Dic & tu mihi magnus eris, Apollo cries.
Well since the God of Wit says nothing to it,
I'll neither be a Heroe, nor a Poet.

EPITAPHS, *Serious* and *Comical.*

On Queen Mary, *of Blessed Memory.*

WIthin this Urn her sacred Ashes rest,
Who was of Consorts and of Queens the best
In Person beautiful, in Temper mild,
Her Mind serene, with Passion undefil'd;
Her Vertue sullied with no Wrath nor Pride,
Forgiving Smiles did her Resentments hide.
Unblam'd she liv'd, and reign'd without a Foe,
Forward to pardon, but to punish slow.
To Christian Rules she strictly liv'd confin'd,
Was just to God, and good to all Mankind.
The Church's Guardian Angel she appear'd,
Her Piety its declinining Grandure rear'd.
Pop'ry cast out by her reforming Charms,
And hugg'd the fainting Kingdom in her Arms:
But here her fragrant Relicks lie interr'd,
Whilst her just Soul enjoys its blest Reward.

On

On his Majeſty King William.

HERE lies the fam'd illuſtrious Prince,
William the Third both Great and Good,
Who England ſav'd without th' Expence,
Of Friend's or Adverſary's Blood;
With ſteady Hands he rul'd the Reins,
Was cautious here and watchful there,
Neither inflam'd the Britiſh Plains,
Nor chill'd the Soil for Want of Care,
France trembled at his warlike Sword,
Whilſt England in her Safety joy'd;
His active Soul with Vertue ſtor'd,
Was ne'er at Eaſe unleſs employ'd.
Had jealous England truly known
The Royal Vertues he poſſeſs'd,
He had not only bleſt the Throne,
But leſt the Kingdom doubly bleſt.
Great was his Birth, and great his Name;
Great were his Deeds, here he lies,
Yet Ages cannot blaſt his Fame,
Who now is great above the Skies.

A Character of King William *the Third, attempted by an ingenious and faithful Lover of his King and Country.*

HE was (but is no more)
The Head, Hand, and Heart of the Confederacy,
Aſſerter of Liberty, and Deliverer of Nations.
Support of the Empire,
Bulwark of Holland and Flanders,
Preſerver of Britain, Reducer of Ireland,
Terror of France.
His Thoughts were wiſe and ſecret,
Words few and faithful,

Actions many and Heroick,
Government without Tyranny,
Juſtice without Rigour,
Religion without Superſtition.
He was Great without Pride,
Valiant without Violence,
Active without Wearineſs,
Cautious without Fear,
Meitorious without Thanks.
King, Queen, Prince, Potentate, the World ne'er ſaw,
So wiſe, juſt, honeſt, valiant as Naſſau.
He was ———
But Words are wanting to ſay what:
Say all that's Great and Good, and he was That.

An Epitaph on the Duke of Grafton, *who was killed at the taking of* Cork *in* Ireland. Written by a Cabbin-Boy of a Ship.

BEneath this Place,
Is ſtow'd his Grace
The Duke of Grafton,
As true a Blade,
As e'er was made,
Or e'er had Haſt on.
Mark'd with a Star,
Was fam'd for War.
Of Mettle true,
As ever drew,
Or made a Paſs
At Lad or Laſs.
This Son of Mars,
Ne'r hung an Arſe,
Or turn'd his Tail,
Tho' Shot, like Hail,

Flew

Flew about his Ears,
Thro' Pikes and Spears,
So thick they hid the Sun,
He bravely led them on,
More like a Devil than a Man.
He ne'er would dread
Shot made of Lead,
Or Cannon-Ball,
Nothing at all;
But a Bullet of Cork
Soon did his Work,
Unhappy Pellet,
With Grief I tell it;
Thus quite undone
Great Cæsar's Son;
A Statesman spoil'd,
A Soldier foil'd,
G——d rot him
That shot him,
A Son of a Whore,
I'll say no more
But here lies Henry Duke of Grafton.

On Arch-B——p S——t,

HERE lies the Reverend S——'s Dust,
Whose Loyal Sufferings all discerning,
Are us'd as Glories by the Just,
To crown his Piety and Learning.
'Till Death his Knowledge had no End,
His active Soul was so capacious,
He liv'd the Church's faithful Friend,
And died a second Athanasius.
His Conscience just, his Spirit brave,
His Vertue greater Fame inherit,
Than Grecian Worthies in the Grave,
Or all the Roman Saints could merit, His

His Memory ſully'd with no Crime,
Will of Worth and Durance be;
'Twill bury Churches, out-live Time,
And ſtand up with Eternity.

On a Knight who was beheaded in the troubleſome Times.

HERE lies the Relicks of a martyr'd Knight,
Whoſe Loyalty, unſpotted as the Light,
Seal'd with his Blood his injur'd Sov'reign's Right.
His Head the State did from his Body ſever,
Becauſe, when living, 'twas his juſt Endeavour,
To join the Nation and its Head together.
He boldly fell, girt round with weeping Soldiers
Imploring Heaven, for the Good of the Beholders,
So to cut H---'s Head from England's Shoulders.

On the Rev. Mr. Richard Robbins. *By* N. T.

HERE lies the fleſhly Priſon, but the Saint
Triumphs in Heaven, free from all Reſtraint;
Bleſt Robin! Death to him has loſt his Sting,
His great aſpiring Soul has taken Wing;
Soaring, reach'd higher than the ſtarry Sky,
He liv'd by Faith, and did with Tranſport die.

On an old Soldier, who long before he dy'd, loſt both Legs in the Service of his Country.

BEneath this Stone here lieth one,
Who in his Race of Life to Death,
Has by his own two Legs out-run,
Altho' they were firſt out of Breath:
He follow'd twenty Years behind,
When they had long perform'd their Courſe;
They got the Start, which was unkind,
But now they're met, 'tis ne'er the worſe;

His

His Courage ſure did Death provoke,
wht trying if his Heart was ſound,
Struck both his Legs off at one Stroke,
yet could not bring him to the Ground,
'Till Age at laſt drew on Decay,
haſten'd by Bruiſes, Cuts, and Thumps,
Then Death commanding him away,
forc'd him to march upon his Stumps.

On a Dutchman, *who was a great Lover of Fiſh, and happen'd to choak himſelf with over Eagerneſs at a Fiſh-Dinner.*

HERE truly lies, for all our jeering,
The Quinteſſence of pickled Herrring;
For Fiſh he lov'd like any Otter,
Nay better, when 'twas out of Water,
And ſwam a ſecond Time in Butter.
But like thoſe Sons that can't forbear
The Bottle, or the Charming Fair,
Beneath their Fate the Glutton fell,
And dy'd with that he lov'd ſo well.
In this Condition here he lies,
'Till Dutchman ſhall to Heaven riſe,
And when that joyful Time will be,
The Lord knows who may tell for me.

On a Man that dy'd of the Foul Diſeaſe.

HERE lies poor Wimbleton, God reſt his Soul,
Bit by a damn'd Snap-Dragon in a Hole:
The Wound was mortal, none could do him good,
But Death, who cur'd what no Phyſician could.
Hard was his Fate! Farewel, departed Brother,
Toſs'd by one dirty Hole into another.

On a Wool-Comber, *who was hang'd for Sheep-Stealing.*

BEneath this Gallows lies Tom Kemp,
Who liv'd by Wool, and dy'd by Hemp;
The Fleece would not ſuffice the Glutton,
But with it he muſt ſteal the Mutton:
Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter.
He'd ne'er been hang'd for a Sheep-biter.

Spoke Extempore by a Seaman on his Comrade, that was ſhot in an Engagement, and flung over board.

INtomb'd within a liquid Wave,
Lies honeſt Philip, once ſo brave:
Such Men as he the King has need of,
Pox take the Ball that ſhot his Head off,
And at once ſent his brawny Crupper,
To give ſome greedy Shark a Supper.
Fire, my Lads, by all that's good,
We'll fight 'till we revenge his Blood,
It never ſhall be ſaid but we,
To one we loſe, will knock down three.

On a Man that choak'd himſelf with a Bit of New Bread.

BY many Folks it has been ſaid,
The only Staff of Life is Bread:
How could it then ſtop Simon's Breath,
And be the Occaſion of his Death;
One little Morſel prov'd his laſt,
Which he devour'd in ſo much Haſte;
That angry Death in Paſſion ſwore,
He ne'er ſhould ſwallow one Bit more.

On

On an Old Woman, occasioned by a Sexton filling up her Grave with a wooden Leg.

HERE lies an old Woman G--d d——n her,
That liv'd at the Sign of the Hammer,
She dy'd of the Cholick,
A very pretty Frolick,
To see how the Sexton did ram her.

A Man who had no Children by his Wife, told her, when she died the following should be her Epitaph.

UNDER this Slate,
Lies barren Kate.

Who replied, then this shall be your's.

UNDER this Stone,
Lies one that had none.

On John Brown, *who kill'd himself with eating of Curd.* Written by his Wife.

HERE lies John Brown, a Man of few Words,
Who kill'd himself with eating of Curds;
But had he been rul'd by Joan his Wife,
He might have liv'd all the Days of his Life.

On Chancellor Hide's *Son, who dy'd a Youth at* West-minster-School, *and was bury'd in the Abby.* Written with a Piece of Chalk upon his Stone, by one of his School-Fellows.

HERE lies Ned Hide,
Because he dy'd;
We had much rather
It had been his Father;
Had it been his Sister,
We had not miss't her.

But

But ſince 'tis Ned
That here lies dead,
Who was in Truth,
A pretty Youth,
Let fall a Tear upon his Stone,
To ſhew you're ſorry he is gone.

On Sir John Calf, *who was three times Lord Mayor of* York.

HERE lies Sir John Calf, who was three times Lord-Mayor of this City.
Honour, Honour, Honour.

A Spark reading it, writes thus underneath.

O Cruel Death! More ſubtle than a Fox,
Who would not let this Calf become an Ox,
That he might browſe among the Briars and Thorns,
And wear, among his Brethren, Horns, horns, horns.

On one Mr. Tame's *Wife, whoſe Maiden Name was* Wild.

INtomb'd here lies my deareſt Dame,
I woo'd her *Wild*, and made her *Tame*:
Lo, here ſhe lies without Bed or Blanket,
Dead as a Door-Nail, God be thanked.

On Abraham *a Taylor's Wife, whoſe Name was* Sarah.

ON Abraham's Boſom full of Lice,
To Abraham's Boſom in Paradice,
The Soul of Sarah took its Flight,
And bid the Louſie Rogue good Night.

On

On Thomas Saffin, *in* Stepney *Church-yard.*

HERE Thomas Saffin lies interr'd, O why?
Born in New-England, did in London die?
Was the third Son of Eight, begot upon
His Mother Martha, by his Father John:
Belov'd by his Prince he began to be,
'Till nipt by Death at the Age of twenty three.
Fatal to him was that we Small-pox name,
By which his Mother and three Brethren came
To breath their laſt ſome ſeveral Years before,
Leaving their aged Father to deplore
The Loſs of all his Children, with a Wife,
Who was the Joy and Comfort of his Life.

On Marſh, *an Informer.*

STAY, Reader, and piſs here, for it is ſaid,
Under this Dirt a ſly Informer's laid.
If Heaven be pleas'd when Mortals ceaſe to ſin;
And Hell be pleas'd when Villains enter in;
And Earth be pleas'd when it intombs a Knave,
Sure all are pleas'd, now Marſh is in his Grave.

On a Good Woman.

THE Dame that takes her Reſt within this Tomb
Had Rachel's Face, and Leah's fruitful Womb
Abigail's Wiſdom, Lydia's faithful Heart,
Martha's juſt Care, and Mary's better Part.

On the Lord L——n, *who expired in the Act of Generation.*

HERE faſt aſleep,
Full twelve Foot deep,
The Earl of Lin———n lies
Who with his own Spade,
His own Grave made
Betwixt his Lady's Thighs.

A Paſſenger reading it; added what follows:

If through that Hole
To Heaven he ſtole,
I will be bold to ſay,
He was the laſt
That ever paſt,
And firſt that found that Way.

On a Young Lady that died on her Wedding-Day, before her Bridegroom had bedded her, who cauſed a double Stone to be put over her, with this Epitaph.

BEneath here lies a Marry'd Maid,
Whoſe Grave became her Bridal Bed,
But ſince ſhe Elop'd as ſoon as wedded,
Her Bridegroom to her Memory's Hodour,
Has plac'd a Pair of Stones upon her;
Reſolving, ſince alive ſhe'd none,
When dead, ſhe ſhould have more than one;
But whilſt he breaths, he ſtill is grieving,
To think ſhe had 'em not when living.

Under-writ by a Paſſenger.

PErhaps the pretty Bird was flown,
That he ſo much rely'd upon;
Which made her die with Grief affected,
To think ſhe'd loſt what he expected:
'Tis true, her Caſe was ſomething hard,
But dead, one Stone he might have ſpar'd;
Becauſe when living, many ſwear,
She had been cover'd with a Pair.

SONGS

SONGS *and* BALLADS.

On Queen Mary's *Death. A Song.*

SOrdid Fate, to ſnatch from Earth,
The brighteſt Soul that e'er had Birth;
Vertue, Wit, and Beauty's fled,
To grace the Manſions of the Dead.
To mourn for her ſo Juſt and Fair,
A Crown of Cypreſs will I wear;
O'er her Urn I'll daily weep,
Wherein her ſacred Aſhes ſleep.
Grieve, that ſo bright a Creature,
Bleſs'd by Heaven and Nature,
Should with each Majeſtick Feature,
In the Duſt be laid,
But Oh! ſhe's dead, dead, dead, dead.
Oh! ſhe's dead,
Oh! ſhe's dead, dead, dead.
But ſince our Tears cannot a Moment ſave,
From greedy Death the Wiſe or Great,
Or call them back a Minute from the Grave,
Why ſhould we grieve, or thus lament her Fate?
For Vertue, Wit, and Beauty mortal are,
When Fate commands they muſt away,
Where Kings and Beggars, Homely and the Fair
Free from Contempt or Envy, mix their Clay,
Then let's forget
To mourn the Fate
Of Good or Great,
When once they're gone,
And merry be,
To think ſuch Shrubs as we,
Eſcape and ſee
Such lofty Pines cut down,

Sorrow

Sorrow drown'd in a Glaſs: Or, The Dead Miſtreſs ſoon forget.

SInce Corinna's fled away,
To the Bleſſing of immortal Day,
And left me thus behind on Earth,
To give my Sorrow daily Birth;
I'll to ſome cool Shade retire,
Where Turtles Wings ſhall fan my Fire:
My ſweet tun'd Lute I'll tune and play
The tedious Life of Hours away.
Corinna's Name my Song ſhall be,
The Birds ſhall join in Harmony;
Thus baniſh Miſery
And merry, merry, be;
My Time away
I'll ſing and play
Beneath a ſhady Tree
But ſince ſhe's gone why ſhould I grieve?
My Sight cannot the Loſs retrieve:
'Tis a Folly to be ſad
For Sorrow makes us mad:
'Tis better far
To drown our Care,
And make our Spirits glad.

CHORUS.

Come hither
You Birds that are of a Feather;
And as the old Proverb ſays,
Let's flock together.
Here's Wine, Boys,
So ſparkling, ſo pleaſant, and fine, Boys,
Such ſacred Liquor,
Drowns ev'ry ill Deſign, Boys.

Let's

Let's teſs off off our Glaſſes,
Whilſt other damn'd Plots are deviſing,
Thus drink 'till our Faces
Look red as the Sun at his Riſing.

The DOCTOR.

SEE, Sirs, ſee here, a Doctor rare,
Who travels much at Home;
Here take my Pills, I cure all Ills,
Paſt, preſent, and to come.
The Cramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch, the Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
The Mulligrubs, the Bonny Scrubs, and all, all, all, all, all, Pandora's Box:
Thouſands I have diſſected,
Thouſands more erected,
And ſuch Cures effected, as none e'er can tell.
Let the Cholick rack ye,
Let the Palſie ſhake ye,
Let the Crinkums break ye,
Let the Murrain take ye,
Take this, this this, and you are well:
Thouſands, *&c.*
Come Wits ſo keen,
Devour'd with Spleen,
Come Beaus who've ſtrain'd your Backs;
Great Belly'd Maids,
Old founder'd Jades,
And pepper'd Vizard-Cracks.
I ſoon remove the Pains of Love,
And eaſe the Love-ſick Maid.
The Sot, the Scold, the Young, the Old,
The Living and the Dead.
I clear the Laſs with Wainſcot Face,
And from Pimgennets free,

Plump.

Plump Ladies Red
Like Sarazen's Head,
With toping Ratafia,
This with a ſerk,
Will do your Work,
And ſcour you o'er and o'er,
Read, judge, and try, and if you die,
Never believe me more,
Never, never, never, never, never believe me more,
Here are People and Sports,
Of all Sizes and Sorts;
Coach'd Damſel and 'ſquire,
And Mob in the Mire;
Tarpaulins,
Trugmallions,
Lords, Ladies,
Sows, Babies,
And Loobies in Scores,
Some Hauling,
Some Bawling,
Some Leering,
Some Fleering,
Some Loving,
Some Shoving,
With Legions of Furbelow'd Whores,
To the Tavern ſome go,
And ſome to a Show;
See Poppits,
For Moppits,
Jack Puddings,
For Cuddens,
Rope Dancing,
Mares Prancing,
Boats Flying,
Quacks Lying,

Pick

Pick-pockets,
Pick-plackets,
Tars, Butchers, and Beaus:
Fops prattling,
Dice rattling
Rooks ſhamming,
Puts damning,
Whores painted,
Marks tainted,
In Tally Man's Furbelow Cloaths,
If Mobs Joy you would know,
To the Muſick-Houſe go,
See Taylors,
And Sailors,
Whores Oyly,
In Doyley,
Here Muſick makes you ſick.
Cows skipping,
Clowns tripping
Some joaking
Like Spiggot and Tap;
Short Meaſure,
Strange Pleaſure,
Thus Billing
And Swilling,
Some yearly,
Get fairly for Fairings,
Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

War with the Leviathan: Or, The Royal Fiſher.
By R. S.

WHERE your Epitomiz'd may ſee
What Crews to Sea Long Iſlands ſend,
What, and how great thoſe Hazards be,
Which on that brave Deſign attend.

The

The Tune. Hey to the Temple.

WHY ſtay we at home now the Seaſon is come
Jolly Lads, let us liquor our Throats;
Our Intereſt we wrong, if we tarry too long,
Then all Hands aloft, let us fit our Boats;
Let each Man prepare
Of the Tackling his ſhare,
By Neglect a good Voyage may be loſt;
Come I ſay,
Let's away,
Make no Stay,
Nor Delay;
For the Winter brings Whales on the Coaſt.
Harry, Will, Robin, Ned, with bold Tom in the Head
And Sam in the Stern bravely ſtand,
As rugged a Crew (if you give them their Due)
As e'er did take Oars in their Hands:
Such Heroes as theſe
Will with Blood ſtain the Seas,
When they join with their reſolute Mates,
Who with Might,
Void of Fright,
With Delight,
Boldly fight
Mighty Whales, as if they were but Sprats.
Come Coyl in the War, ſee the Hatchets be ſharp,
And make ready the Irons and Launces;
Each Man ſhip his Oar, and leave nothing on ſhore
That is needful the Voyage to advance;
See the Buoy be made tight.
And the Drug fitted right,
So that nothing be wanting anon,
Never doubt.
But look out,

Roun

Round about,
There's a Spout,
Come away, Boys, let's launch if we can,
The Surff runs too high, 'twill be down by-and-by.
Take a Slatch to go off; now 'twill do,
Huzza! Launch a main, for the Sea grows again,
Pull up briskly a Stroke (Boys) or two,
Ha, well row'd! 'Tis enough,
We are clear of the Surff,
Every Hand heave out Water apace,
There's the Whale,
That's her Back,
That looks black;
There's her Wake.
Pull away, Boys, let's give her Chase,
Ha! well row'd, jolly Trouts, pull away, there she spouts,
And we gain of her briskly, I find,
We're much about her Ground, let's take a Dram round,
And her Rising before let us mind
She is here, just a-head,
Stand up, Tom; pull up, Ned,
We are fast back a stern what ye may.
Hold on, Lad;
I'm afraid,
She's a Jade,
She's so mad.
She's scragg, for your Lives cut away,
It is but in vain to despond or complain,
Tho' we've met with Misfortunes already,
'Tis Courage must do, for the Proverb you know,
A faint Heart never won a fair Lady.
Come this is no Disgrace,
Pull up, Lads, t'other Chace,
Our Motes will be fast without Doubt;
So what Chear?
We are near,

She

She is there,
No, she's here,
Just a Stern, jolly Hearts, pull about,
Pull briskly, for there she's risen very fair,
Back a Stern, it is up to the Strep;
Well done, come bravely throw'd, clearly, Lad
(bravely row'
'Tis not always we meet with Mishap,
Veer our Wrap, let her run,
She will quickly have done:
Well done Mate, 'twas a brave second Stroke,
Now she jerks,
Who can work,
Veer our Wrap,
She tows sharp,
Hang the Blacksmith, our Launce it is broke,
Pull a head, haul in wrap, for she rows not so shar
But's beginning to flounce and to strike;
Fit a Launce, let us try, if we can by and by
Give her one gentle Touch to the Quick.
Bravely throw'd, jolly Lads,
She's nothing nigh so mad
As she was, th' other Launce may do good;
Well done, Tom,
That was home
To her Womb,
Makes her foam,
She's sick at the Heart, she spouts Blood,
The Bus'ness is done, launce no more, let's alone,
'Tis her Hurry, she's as dead as a Herring;
Let's take in a Tow, and all Hands stoutly row,
And Mate Sam, prithee mind well thy Steering
The Wind begins to blow,
And the Seas bigger grow,
Every Man put his Strength to his Oar;

Lea

Leave to prate,
Now 'tis late;
Well row'd Mate,
Hey for Kate,
She's a-ground, cut away, let's ashoar.
Come turn up our Boats, let's put on our Coats,
And to Ben's, there's a chirupping Cup;
Let's comfort our Hearts, ev'ry Man his two Quarts,
And to-morrow all Hands to cut up,
Betimes leave your Wives,
Bring your Hooks and your Knives;
And let none lie a-bed like a Lubber:
But begin
With the Sun,
To have done
Before Noon,
That the Carts may come down for the Blubber.

26 FE 62

FINIS.

BOOKS *Sold by* A. Bettesworth, *at* C. Hitch, *at the* Red-Lion, *in* Pater-noster-Row.

WARD's Young Mathematician's Guide Price 6 *s.*

Colloquia Chirurgica, very useful for Sea or Land Price 2 *s.*

A Cap of Grey Heirs for a Green Head. By *Caleb Trenchfield*, Gent. Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

Newest Academy of Compliments. 1

Artimedorus, of all Sorts of Dreams. 1

Pleasant Art of Money-Catching. 1

Coffee-House Jests. 1

Duty of Receiving the Sacrament. 1

Flavel's Saint indeed. 1

——— his Token for Mourners. 1

Guy Earl of *Warwick* 1

Mars stript of his Armour. 1

Pilgrim's Progress. All 3 Parts. 1

Queen's Royal Cookery. 1

God's Revenge against Murder. 1

God's Revenge against Adultery. 1

School of Recreation. 1

Quakers Academy of Compliments. 1

Token for Children 1

Unfortunate Concubines: Or, The History of *Jane Shore*, and Fair *Rosamond*. 1

Mr. *Watson*'s Art of Divine Contentment 1

Thomas Savage's Life and Death, Price stitcht 6

Duty of Man.